

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

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MUSIC.

- 'Twilight Night,' Unaccompanied Part-Song for Mixed Voices. By JOHN IRELAND ... 411
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1. *Portrait of Gustav Holst.*
 2. 'After many a dusty mile.' Part-Song. By Edward Elgar.

THE MUSICAL TIMES

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'THE PERFECT FOOL'

BY EDWIN EVANS

Holst is the exception that proves the rule. Or, rather he proves that, given the requisite attainments, the positions of rule and exception are reversed. The rule in this case is the accepted one that, under normal circumstances, to produce a successful work in the theatre demands intimate knowledge and experience of theatre-craft. Defiance of that rule has been the cause of a long succession of failures in British opera. But, as every earnest student of the theatre knows, its application involves so much risk of conventionality that even a brilliant idea is not always preserved from lapsing into theatrical platitude. Yet it often happens that a man whose attainments are not those of the theatre will do the right thing precisely because his unfamiliarity with routine preserves him from its pitfalls. On the stage, if we are lucky, we often meet with these exceptions in the form of a dramatist who blunders through all the conventional rules of play-making, and writes a brilliant play. In opera they are rare. Moussorgsky did it, but even Debussy clung to the theatre-craft of Maeterlinck. Still it is almost an axiom that above a certain level of attainment the rule is reversed, and it is the man who treats theatrical precedent lightly who is most likely to produce something containing the spark of vitality. That is what Holst has done in *The Perfect Fool*. Though it is not his first opera, he is not a man of the theatre. In fact, his major interests lie in directions where the very qualities which make for theatrical success are deprecated. Yet in *Savitri* he gave us a veritable gem of lyric-drama in a form which he would probably not have attempted had his adventurous spirit been inured to theatrical tradition. Again, in *The Perfect Fool*, he has given us old ingredients confectioned into a new dish of a kind that the theatrical expert would have regarded as courting disaster. And, like most of the things Holst attempts, it 'comes off.' It sins many times against the theatrical decalogue, from its initial ballet to its final anti-climax. The analogy of the former with Wagner's experience at Paris is of course beside the point, because the ballet in *Tannhäuser* is merely part of the scenery, whilst in *The Perfect Fool* it is an integral feature of the plot. The spirits who rush on at the call of the Wizard are not disporting themselves like the nymphs in the *Venusberg*. They are doing something of importance to the story. As for the anti-climax, it disconcerts many because of its daring, but when these have recovered their equilibrium, I believe that they, too, will admit that it is remarkably effective. Between these two points occur many minor theatrical misdemeanours of which the same can be said. They are effective. And they are effective for two very sound reasons. The first is that, whatever the art you practise, the direct method, if you have the courage and the skill to apply it, and if you are unhampered by any tendency to compromise, will always be the

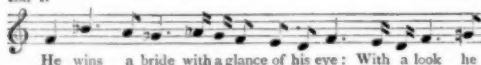
most successful. Holst is almost incapable of compromise. A mental reservation would be to him almost moral obliquity. There is scarcely a page of his music anywhere in which the method is not undeviatingly direct. If he means a thing he says it. If it is something blunt, it is bluntly said. It is one of his greatest merits. The other reason is the intensity of his craftsmanship. This is a different quality from mere thoroughness, less common in these days of general technical proficiency, and more certain in its results. What he does, he does not merely with all his skill, but with all his might. These two reasons are sufficient to explain how this unconventional little opera successfully rides the tumultuous waves of its own contradictions, and makes music even from hiatus. This is a verbose explanation. A simpler one would be that he knows what he wants, does it for all he is worth, and does not give a Soviet rouble who cares.

By the time this article appears the story will probably be familiar to many readers, but for the sake of others it had best be stated once more. At the rise of the curtain the Wizard commands the spirits of Earth to bring him a cup, those of Water to fill it with the sweetest essence of love, and those of Fire to dwell within it. By means of this potion he hopes to win the Princess, but he defers drinking it until her arrival. Meanwhile the Fool and his Mother, wandering outcasts, pass that way.

Two predictions of the wise men form the main theme of the story. Of the Fool they have said:

He wins a bride with a glance of his eye:
With a look he kills a foe.
He achieves where others fail,
With one word.

Ex. 1.



He wins a bride with a glance of his eye: With a look he



kills a foe. He achieves where others fail, With one word.

and of the Princess:

She shall marry the man who does
The deed no other can do.

Ex. 2.



She shall marry the man who does The deed no other can do,

It is the Mother who first discovers that these prophecies are complementary, but she humours the Wizard, even to the point of rehearsing his wooing-song in order to divert his attention from her sleeping son. But while the Wizard is sleeping she administers the potion to the Fool, replacing it with water from the pitcher of a passing maiden. At dawn the Princess arrives, and the Wizard drinks from the cup, but discovers that it has failed of its effect, and departs vowing vengeance. There are two other suitors, one from the land of Italian opera, the other from that of heroic music-drama. The latter stumbles over the Fool and

awakens him so that his first glance falls on the Princess, and the magic works immediately. Presently news is brought that the country is being devastated by the Wizard and his fiery imps, but the Mother induces the Fool to hold his ground and he fulfils the second part of the prophecy. The danger averted, he completes the tale, for he succeeds where others have failed, in resisting the Princess's charms and he does so with the one word 'No,' which is his answer to her question, 'Do you love me?' It is the only word he has spoken throughout the opera. Then, just as he is about to be crowned, he falls asleep again.

A fanciful, inconsequent story! He might have called it *A Midsummer Night's Dream* but for a prior claim to the title. I am not sure that I like the one he has substituted, which naturally gave substance to the rumour that it was a comic equivalent to *Parsifal*. One might with equal justice describe it as the masculine equivalent of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Has not the wicked fairy become a male wizard, and Prince Charming a beautiful princess? It could even be held to include a protest against modern theories of sex equality. If the Sleeping Beauty had merely yawned at her deliverer and resumed her sleep, the man would have looked a fool. Here the positions are reversed, and still it is the man who looks a fool, which shows that Holst follows the tradition of comedy in being a keen observer of life.

The story might in fact be made to mean anything. A German Privatdozent would discover in it sixteen allegories, all different, and many mutually exclusive, and preface his exegesis with an elaborate and learnedly documented essay on the parallel between *der reine Thor* and the Muscovite Innocent. But why should it mean anything? Why should it not be simply a 'tale my mother taught me'? In a purely musical fantasy meanings are more often disturbing than helpful. Too often have we had a musical equivalent of literature. Let this be for once a literary equivalent of music. It is a blend of pure fantasy and high comedy, elements neither of which demands an esoteric meaning, or even a precise definition.

There is a third element, that of burlesque, the introduction of which into a work of this kind involves a twofold danger. Unless the composer go the length of affixing to certain parts of the score the notice 'This is a joke,' there will be someone who will detect burlesque where there is none, and others who will declare that in such places it is not so effective as elsewhere. There was once a humorist who wrote the tragic story of a woman crushed to death by a python, and was told that he was not so funny as usual. Of these two dangers the former is the more serious, because any resemblance such as would be regarded as fortuitous in another work, may be accepted here as a humorous allusion. If it should turn out that none such was intended, the discoverer will feel aggrieved. But if it should be there and not be detected the grievance will be the greater, because nobody cares to admit that his sense of

falls on the immediately. country is is fiery imp, to hold his part of the completes the ve failed, in does so with swer to her e only word Then, just asleep again. e might have w but for a e that I like turally gave as a comic as with equal quivalent of icked fairy Charming a e held to ories of sex ad merely her sleep. Here the e man who follows the rver of life. e to mean uld discover and many egesis with ed essay on r and the uld it mean mply a 'tale ely musical urbing than a musical for once a a blend of s neither of or even a

lesque, the f this kind e composer arts of the ere will be here there hat in such ere. There egic story of on, and of Of these us, because egarded as epted here d turn out overer will ere and not e greater, is sense of

humour has been caught napping. The burlesque of the Italian tenor and the Wagnerian baritone is obvious. Are all other resemblances fortuitous, or are some of them more subtle touches of burlesque? And are all the resemblances of the themes between themselves merely formal means towards unity and coherence, or do they imply humorous comment by the composer on the behaviour of his characters? Only he knows, and he will not tell. Perhaps even he is not sure on all points, for the 'whimsies' of a man's mind have a way of asserting their independence, as every writer knows. I once asked a famous dramatist what he meant by a certain stage direction. He confessed that when he wrote it he intended it seriously, but now he saw the humour of it. I foresee that Holst will gradually become increasingly cognisant of his own humour.

For example, here is the terrible incantation by which the Wizard induces the formidable spirits of the Earth to obey his behest:



And here is the yawn with which the Fool responds to his Mother's exhortation:



Is one a satirical comment upon the other? It may be, but (as the gentleman said in *The Cat and Canary*) on the other hand it may not. Let us leave it at that.

Most of the thematic material of the opera is recurrent. To that extent the composer adheres to the principle of leading-themes. But he rarely imbeds such themes in a polyphonic texture, and scarcely ever disguises them, preferring to state them always without circumlocution or subterfuge. His allegiance is thus a qualified one, whereby he gains much in simplicity and clarity, and, maybe, loses a little in symphonic opportunity.

The principal part of this recurring material is present in the Ballet. The spirits of Earth, Water, and Fire, each have their characteristic themes, but it must be remembered that while

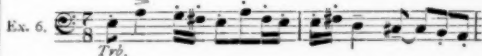
Earth and Fire remain more or less at the beck and call of the Wizard, Water, symbolising love, transfers its allegiance in consequence of the Mother's stratagem, when to its three themes is added a fourth in the form of a charming round for three voices.

The Earth themes are two in number. First comes:

Ex. 5. *Moderato.*



which the Wizard afterwards appropriates both for his boast, 'Such is the man whose praise I am singing,' and for his threat, 'Soon I'll return and pour out my vengeance.' The second:



forms the climax of the dance, but there its significance appears to end.

The Water themes are three in number, and all of them prominent in the later episodes of the opera. The first:

Ex. 7. *Allegretto.*



appears to suggest the limpidity of the element itself, whereas:

Ex. 8.



is apparently intended to convey a suggestion of magic, as it is constantly quoted in reference to the working of the love-spell; and:



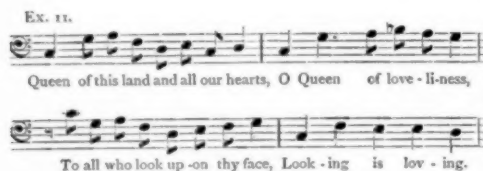
might be the parent of most of the folk-song-like melodies occurring in the opera. Its initial motif is the same as that of the melody with which the Wizard relates, 'She who rules this land and people,' and the Princess, towards the end, sings, 'All other men who look upon me weary me with love.'

Of the themes or rather fragments which go to the composition of the Fire-music only one has subsequent thematic importance:



to which the Wizard sings later, 'Gaze on me you fools, and I will burn you,' but the same fragments are employed for the fiery climax, and wherever reference is made to it by anticipation.

When the action commences, on the appearance of the Mother, the two prophecies come into play. That concerning the Fool (Ex. 1) gives the characteristic quality of the Mother's weary recital of her woes, with its pathetic insistence on the falling interval of an augmented second. That concerning the Princess (Ex. 2) furnishes the Wizard, after he has announced it, with his anticipatory song of triumph, 'I'll fulfil the prophecy, I shall win the bride.' The next important theme is that of the Wizard's wooing-song:



which has a curious musical ambiguity, for one can feel it equally as being in F major over a dominant pedal or in C mixolydian over a tonic pedal. To me the latter seems the more natural view, but I do not wish to be charged with seeing modes everywhere. When the Wizard has settled down to sleep again, three girls appear, bearing pitchers to the well, and singing the following round:



It is prefaced by a kind of call in which its initial phrase is heard with the B flattened. As the Mother is asking them to refill the cup with water there occurs a characteristic device consisting of a high note held on from previous matter, irrespective of the change of key:



The device is not uncommon in Holst's music, and there is an example not unlike it, at the very beginning, when the Mother declaims the motto theme, but the above is particularly striking because of the dissonance of D natural against D flat.

The Princess on her arrival has a melody in 7/4 time, portions of which are developed into a short chorus. It is a genuine example of the septuple measure as distinct from those arising merely from prosody. In the first accounts of the opera too much was made of Holst's fondness for irregular, that is to say unsymmetrical bar-divisions. There is nothing eccentric about it at all. In his book on contrapuntal technique in the 16th century, Mr. R. O. Morris has an interesting chapter on rhythm and metre, as distinct, and sometimes

contradictory entities. Where most composers bar in accordance with metre, Holst and some other moderns prefer to bar in accordance with rhythm, and as rhythm is free and volatile as air, whereas metre ticks away like a clock, there must obviously be either a very flexible time-signature or none at all. But a straightforward phrase in one of the less used symmetrical measures such as 5-4 in the Planet 'Mars,' or 7-4 above, is in principle not different from one in any other time-signature. In using such signatures Holst is generally uncompromising. If he tells you there are five beats in a bar—there are five, and not alternate groups of two and three. If there are seven, they are groups of seven beats and not alternate groups of three and four.

Concerning the burlesque music of the Italian tenor and the Wagnerian baritone, there is little to be said beyond that it is good fun, especially when the two combine to express their feelings on being severally rejected in favour of the Fool. The next important episode is the chorus beginning 'Sound the call,' which follows on the arrival of the alarming news of the Wizard's revenge. Its basis is a simple figure, a derivative of the Fire-Music, which is heard in several rhythmic variants, and to which the Princess presently adds Ex. 9. On the subsidence of the danger there is an unaccompanied chorus of considerable difficulty in performance. Then follows the final love-scene, the fulfilment of the prophecy, and the anti-climax which brings down the curtain.

The foregoing is little more than a mere catalogue of the material. It corresponds to the table of ingredients given at the head of a recipe. To go beyond that, and illustrate the use that is made of it, is beyond the scope of an article, for there are interesting touches of ingenuity on almost every page of the score. Yet it is not of these that one is most conscious, but rather of those qualities to which reference was made at the outset. It is singularly direct music, depending very little upon such ingenuity, and still less upon any underlying philosophy of music. Whether the occasional introduction of spoken lines, with or without musical background, is acceptable in a work of this kind is open to question. Operatic surroundings have the curious effect of making natural speech sound more artificial than song. The reason for this is a principle that is difficult to formulate in words, but which is of universal application. For instance, there is much discussion just now on the subject of the Marionettes, and several people have pointed out that when the little figures do something that is approximately human they appear to the spectator as much less human than when performing something that no human being could even dream of attempting. In opera, we accept, by mutual agreement, song as the real thing, and this makes speech an intruder. That was the justification of the old recitative. There is also the point that the speaking voice is not in tune with the accompaniment, but in the case of superimposed effects this is not of great consequence.

We do not feel distressed if the singing of a bird happens to be out of tune with the murmur of a brook. Holst's experiment may be interesting, but I do not feel that it is at all conclusive one way or the other.

There is, however, one innovation, or rather restoration to favour of a forgotten institution. It lies in the fact that there is no reason why every line of the libretto should not be clearly heard by every one in the theatre, except only at the point where the Wagnerian Traveller, in accordance with usage, is purposely submerged by the orchestra. This will be no surprise to those familiar with Holst's work, for he has generally shown a special ability for allowing his text to be heard as well as the music. But in opera such a thing has not been known for a considerable time, and people have lost sight of the fact that the ideal music-drama is a marriage of music and drama, and not an abduction of one by the other.

The final impression left by this work is of energy in the domain of rhythm and of simplicity in that of tune. But for the experience that lies behind it one might describe it as boyish music. Perhaps it is this aspect of it that makes it peculiarly English, for most foreigners have remarked that an Englishman remains a boy for the greater part of his life.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

An old enemy of mine has cropped up again. I rather like meeting old enemies. The experience has much in common with that of meeting old friends. To realise that they are not yet buried—although you felt sure that you or somebody else had duly killed them—may come as something of a shock; but it has its compensations in the fact that it is so much easier to hurl the old arguments at them than to devise the new weapons which a fresh foe might render needful.

This particular enemy is the notion that when a composer has sought or found inspiration in a definite poetic, picturesque, or dramatic subject, the artistic value of his achievement is increased by his imparting definite information to that effect; that the 'programme' is part and parcel of the means which he is entitled to use upon his hearers and of the evidence on the strength of which his work is to be judged.

So much is usually admitted by programme-music's friends and foes. The foes rightly contend that sounds and rhythms can neither depict, describe, narrate, nor even define a particular condition of a mood; that music has a logic of its own (of which, by the way, they usually have an incredibly narrow conception); that this logic must be observed first and last; and that the joys of 'pure' music are on an incomparably higher plane. The friends' line is to grant all that the foes assert—it would be difficult to do otherwise—and then to point out that in programme-music you may get

as good music as can be wished for and something else besides; that if a composer was guided by a poetic or dramatic conception, to know this conception would serve us exactly as it had served him; and other things to similar effect.

I am in favour of programme-music, not by virtue of any theory, but because it has given me as great joys as any other music (and joys of exactly the same kind in all respects). So, feeling that the above way of putting things was deceptive, I started long ago to publish articles in which I tried to show that there is nothing in the principles of programme-music—as illustrated in the finest examples available—to prevent its being exactly the same thing as is pure music. I wrote that there was no need for a distinction between programme-music and pure music. I was wrong. A distinction is needful. But it should be drawn differently. There is music which cannot be enjoyed except by reference to its programme. This kind, I think, must be enjoyed almost wholly (I would even strike out the word 'almost') by reference to its programme. To me it does not exist as music. But there are plenty of works written in a style and on a plan referable to poetic or dramatic data which stand as firm and as perfect in logic and proportions as a Bach Toccata or a Mozart Quartet. I am unable to see how a valid reason can be found for not treating them exactly as 'pure' music, leaving the other kind to constitute a fit target for aggressors.

I wrote also that there should be no two ways of listening to music. Again I was wrong. There may be as many ways of listening as there are listeners. Some people find that music is ever suggesting stories to them, or colours, or visions of deeds and events. With them it is constitutional. It may affect neither the depth nor the soundness of their love for music. We need not be concerned with advising them to amend their disposition, so long as it does not interfere with their capacity to enjoy Bach and Mozart as well as programme-music. But it is very unwise to pander to their instinct, with the possible result that they will be encouraged never to assimilate music except as children are encouraged to absorb their soup: 'one spoonful for granny, one for nurse,' and so on.

A favourite argument with defenders of programme-music, and, more generally, of the idea that associated emotions are a valuable adjunct to musical emotion, is that 'two significances are better than one, and three better than two.' (I copy this from a quotation in a booklet on musical appreciation which is among the best of its kind.) This might stand—even though it calls to the mind the triplicate excuse of the lady who did not wish to lend her mangle—but for the fact that the second and third significances (the third, I believe, consists of information culled from composers' biographies) are liable to overshadow the main issue, viz., what the music is worth as music.

I shall illustrate my point by referring to titles such as that of Bliss's *Colour Symphony*. This very title has already led the authors of a

programme-notice to hint—more than to hint, in fact—that the work 'concerned itself with principles properly belonging to another domain of art.' This kind of thing may mislead *bona fide* listeners, and certainly provides convenient weapons for people who are eagerly awaiting a fresh chance to run down programme-music.

Only the other day, I read in a foreign periodical that Holst in his *Planets* expresses his conception of the planets' astrological properties. Such statements encourage readers to seek symbols rather than music, prejudice those who have no use for symbols, and help to propagate the notion that it is the symbols that matter.

This notion is especially dangerous. So long as people are content with accepting the fact that music has a symbolic meaning for themselves and not for others, and do not judge it from the point of view of its symbolism, real or alleged, all goes well. But imagine a music-lover concerned with symbolism, and trying to achieve estimates of Scriabin's *Prometheus* and of Holst's *Planets*: if from his point of view *Prometheus* is more interesting than *The Planets*, he may see no need to proceed further, and be unable to conceive that people judging from the point of view of music may think otherwise.

There is no telling how far so simple a thing as a title can mislead prospectors in the land of symbolism. I am not attempting a catalogue, which after a very little while would be poor fun, but it is impossible not to mention the efforts made by various writers to find in the title of the *Eroica* clues to the meaning of its *Scherzo* and *Finale*. There is something unspeakably funny, for instance, in the notion that the *Scherzo* stands for the funeral games on the hero's tomb—or is it around his pyre?

I am not trying to convey the impression that I am opposed to titles or to any kind of programme or cue emanating from the composer of a piece. The one point I wish to make is, I repeat, that titles and programmes and other forms of hints do not matter either way. If Ravel had published *Le Gibet* under the title *Jeux d'Eau*, and *Jeux d'Eau* under the title *Le Gibet*, I hope it would have affected my estimate of these pieces as music no more than it has affected it to know that the former was inspired by a poem whose subject is a vision of a gallows, and the latter by visions of water in motion. But I should certainly feel cross with him for what would strike me as a piece of misconception or of leg-pulling. And therein lies the possible danger of titles.

It is quite true that as a rule they tell us what the composer's starting-point, or perhaps his deliberate intention was. But the starting-point, the intention, were merely incentives. Some composers found incentives in poetic visions. Gluck also found a bottle of wine useful. The music once written (and probably long before that), the incentive has fulfilled its function and drops out. If not, it means that the work is not good

enough. Resorting to the incentive will not mend matters—although in the particular instance of Gluck's music, it would certainly be a case of two significances that are better than one. In proportion as we judge that the result is not all that it might have been, incentive or no incentive, we shall be all the more disappointed. On the other hand, if a writer entitles a work *Symphonie Pathétique*, or *Sarcasmes*, or *Festklänge*, and the work strikes us as pathetic, sarcastic, or festive in tone, the title proves needless.

If these remarks point to a conclusion, it is that a composer giving a title or a programme to a work, does so at his peril. The peril, on the whole, is seldom very great. Purely practical advantages may outweigh it. The work will be more easily identified and remembered. Some titles sound attractive in themselves. Makers of proprietary articles are well aware of these facts, and are adepts in the art of selecting titles which strike the mind and memory. They know to a nicety the value of the consonants *k* and *z*, and of snappy alliteration. They know also that the more non-committal a name the better. And this, again, is not negligible. If I may poach a-while on my friend 'R. C.'s' preserve of similes, it is quite true that 'Half-Moon Street' and 'Camomile Street' are more striking designations than East Twenty-third or West Thirty-second Street; but then we all know that they offer no inducement to expect that one street is in the shape of a semi-circle, and that in the other we shall find a useful herb. The titles given to musical works may be understood less clearly.

Ad Libitum

By 'FESTE'

The encore question continues to exercise the concert public. Miss Dorothy Silk gave the discussion a fillip by her refusal to sing an extra song at the Royal Choral Society's concert on April 28. Her grounds were good: there was a lot of important music still to come, and the conductor was bent on catching a train that left little margin for extra turns. Unfortunately, it appears to have taken her as long to refuse the encore as to give one, owing to the insistence of a section of the audience. Still, she gained her point.

Those who think the encore can be abolished are, I think, over sanguine. Which of us can lay his hand on his heart and say that he never encores? I have observed that even distinguished music critics, who never even go so far as to show any signs of pleasure in a performance, yet compound a felony by listening (with carefully-hidden satisfaction) to an extra turn by a Kreisler, a Cortôt, or a Battistini. It is like the old definition—'Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy other people's doxy.' If the performance and music appeal to us we look

kindly on an encore, even if we refrain from demanding it; if they are not to our taste, we object strongly, announce that we came to hear something else, and write to the papers about it. And the anomaly will go on until concert-givers take the commonsense course of reserving all encores to the close of the programme proper. Let those who want extras wait for them. Of course many performers would object strongly to a plan which would interfere with their engagements, and all but the insatiable encorist (for whom time does not exist) would want to steal away when the programme was finished. And so the encore habit would be scotched, if not killed. By the way, I do not agree with the view sometimes put forward (I understand that it receives support from Mr. Richard Holt elsewhere in this issue) that a conductor's anxiety to catch a train is a poor reason for the refusal of encores. It strikes me as being one of the best of reasons. Why should a conductor be expected to regard his engagement as extending for an hour or so after the performance? He has as much right as any of his listeners to make an appointment—even with a railway train—close on the heels of the concert. And let encore fiends, on the platform and off it, remember that there are others besides the conductor and orchestra who have to work overtime free every time a programme is held up. Even such humble folk as hall attendants and cleaners have their rights. In fairness to all concerned, from the knight with the baton to the man with the duster, a concert should end hardly less punctually than it should begin.

Hard things are said of the concerts and entertainments that are broadcast nightly, and certainly there is often very little to interest a musician beyond Mrs. Peel's heart to heart talks on cookery. But the wireless concerts have one good point: there is no encoring. In these 'broadcasters' (as they gracefully call themselves) we have a large section of listeners who do not even applaud, much less encore. The fact may be significant. Thousands of people are finding that music may be enjoyed without clapping of hands and recalling of performers, and the discovery is bound to react on their behaviour in the concert hall.

I said above that even the most violent anti-encorists are apt to be backsliders when the artist is a Kreisler or a Cortôt. Yet it must be confessed that the extra turns given by these players are usually disappointing. I have rarely heard one that was worth the noise and the length of time taken in persuading the great man to play again. Perhaps this anti-climax is inevitable. When a pianist or violinist brings down the house, it is almost invariably with a work which is at least long and large, if not great; a short solo played on the heels of it is very highly tried, and there are not many that come off with honours.

By the way, why is there almost invariably a conspiracy of silence as to these little encore pieces? If the player cannot trust himself to announce the title, or if he regards such an undertaking as beneath his dignity (like opening the pianoforte or adjusting the seat), there ought to be somebody at hand with sufficient heart and voice to address the audience and say the necessary two words. The repertory of great players is distressingly small (with honourable exceptions in Samuel, Mitchell, and a few other natives), but it may easily contain a few trifles unknown to the audience. Sometimes, it is true, the ignorance of the latter is a disgrace. I remember Cortôt playing as an encore a Minuet of Purcell's that ought to have been familiar to nine-tenths of his hearers. It was the little one in G that has more than a hint of 'God Save the King' in its melody and rhythm, and it happens to be one of the handful of Purcell's harpsichord pieces that has been available in cheap English editions for at least thirty years. Yet its performance was followed by whispered questions, 'What is that charming little piece?' and even music critics (Shame!) were among the askers. Had it been a Minuet by Couperin or Rameau probably most people would have spotted it at once.

The depths to which famous singers have sunk in this matter of encores is shown by the fact that last year, when the Northcliffe Press boosted Melba's Albert Hall concert, we were told beforehand what the encores were to be. 'For encores I shall sing so and so. . . .' That a singer should be prepared is right, and considerate to the accompanist; but this calm announcement days beforehand is the last word in assurance. Only divas seem to be so blessed with a forehead of brass.

Discussing this question in the *Musical Times* of February, 1919, I gave a couple of short quotations from the *Musical World* of September 30, 1836, showing two different ways of obtaining encores—one democratic, the other autocratic. They will, I think, bear repeating. In an account of the Norwich Festival occurs the following:

The magnificent anthem, *Hosannah to the Son of David*, one of Orlando Gibbons's best specimens . . . was performed in a most masterly manner; the whole audience rose at its conclusion, which was an intimation for its repetition. It was accordingly encored.

That was an encore if ever there was one! Orpheus himself might have envied Orlando this achievement of moving an entire audience to its feet. No conductor or music critic could complain of an encore so impressively and unanimously demanded. Compare this quiet uprising of a huge audience with the spattering of handclaps that most singers deem sufficient warrant for giving another ballad. They knew a good thing at Norwich a hundred years ago. Not many audiences to-day are given to encoring choral works of any kind. Choirs, like orchestras, are mere bodies of musicians, and bouquets and encores are rightly reserved for soloists.

The other quotation, however, showed that these old Norwichians had, like Mrs. Beeton, 'another way,' and a far less desirable one. At this same festival concert an alien Queen of Song, one Caradori, sang Beethoven's *Quail Song*, and, we read,

. . . sang it very well; and it was instantly signified by the President's wand that an encore was desired, which of course took place.

This is worse than the spattering of handclaps! I should have stood up with my neighbours after the Gibbons chorus, but the sight of a Member of the Nobility and Gentry of the Neighbourhood evoking an encore by a wave of his wand would have made my angry passions rise. The calm of Norwich would have been broken by a voice, 'We want to hear . . . anything but the *Quail Song*.

Finally, a word for the only encore enthusiast who always gets just what he wants, and who gets it without making himself a nuisance: the gramophonist. He can at once repeat a choice bit, without hearing the whole of the work, and he can have it as many times as he likes. Here I shamelessly take my place among the insatiables. A more than usually beautiful phrase of Gerhardt's, the little bit of bass flute work in Bliss's *In the Ballroom*, a pet passage in the Flonzaley's playing of the slow movement of the *Nigger Quartet*—back goes the needle, and more than once. This swift recapture of a momentary delight is possible only on the gramophone: the encore in the concert-hall is a slow and speculative business in comparison. And it is long odds that all the critics who say hard things about the encore nuisance succumb weakly over their gramophone. Given a little of what we fancy (in Marie Lloyd's phrase), it is only human of us to ask for a little more. Scratch us, critics and mob alike, and you will find that we are all encorists under our skin.

TASTE

BY FRANK S. HOWES

De gustibus non disputandum, it has been said, and yet we all constantly make judgments of taste and are quite emphatic about them. There is no gainsaying that the whole subject of taste bristles with difficulties so soon as it is examined beyond the point of making a simple judgment of quality. The first to arise is the wide divergence of view—amounting sometimes to flat contradiction—which is found in pronouncements of equally eminent critics or of equally sensitive laymen on the same work of art. So great is the difficulty of finding anything like an objective standard, that most people quickly reach, as the conclusion of an argument involving aesthetic judgments, the very unsatisfactory proposition 'that it is entirely a matter of taste.' The unsatisfactoriness of such a conclusion lies not merely in the fact that it has taken us precisely nowhere, but that it implies that no standard is possible, whereas all artists and sensitive persons know positively that there is a standard of some kind, which quite definitely marks off good from bad. But what is the nature of the standard? The best way of

snaring this elusive bird would seem to be with the nets of analogy, of which we have two most convenient to our hand in morals and language. By means of the one we can discern the general nature of the standard, and with the other we can apply it to the difficult art of music with a reasonable degree of confidence that we are not voicing our prejudices but making valid judgments of quality.

Now at a cinema no one, however stupid, insensitive, or perverse, ever fails to recognise the villain of the piece or manages to confuse him with the hero. In real life such recognition is more uncertain, but only because there are more confusing and concealing factors in the situation which make it difficult to get at the facts, not because it is more difficult to judge the facts when they are revealed. We have, in truth, a native faculty for making judgments of quality, by virtue of which we pronounce an act of heroism to be a noble act. If anyone fails to see its nobility we cannot prove its goodness to him. The judgment lies in the perception, as Aristotle said, and is not susceptible of proof. By this same faculty we can make judgments of value other than moral judgments strictly so called; we recognise that the football we are watching is good football, the jam we are eating is good jam, and the music we are hearing is good music. So far our standard is subjective; it is the power of a reasonably sensitive mind to recognise a quality. But it is a judgment, not a feeling. We do not perceive that two and two make five for the quite good reason that two and two do not in fact make five; our feelings would often prompt us to recognise that two and two did make five, as for instance when counting the Treasury Notes in our purse, if the faculty of judgment was entirely a subjective affair. The upshot of this elementary philosophy is that the problem of taste is one form of the problem of knowledge, and without plunging into any metaphysical questions about the relation of the knower to the thing known, we can observe that in pronouncing a royalty ballad to be bad music, we imply both a capacity of judgment in our minds and the objective existence of certain qualities in the music. It is the latter which cause all the difficulties in ordinary life. Those who perceive the bad qualities do not need to go further into the matter; it is bad music and the badness is obvious. But those to whom the badness is not obvious reply, 'Why is *Until* a bad song? I like it, and I think it is a very pretty song.' A reasoned answer is called for in such cases, because though ultimately taste can be formed only by exercising judgment and making ourselves increasingly sensitive, the process can be helped on by indicating a few tests which we are able to make in other departments of life. The analogy of language provides a number of these tests, and it is on the whole safe to come at a judgment of a song by way of the words. And as the music of a song is a more or less faithful counterpart to its words, the song offers the easiest approach to the analysis of what constitutes the goodness and the badness of music of all kinds.

The first of these tests is sincerity: in the first instance the ordinary sincerity of utterance that we recognise in conversation. The juxtaposition of the following two poems illustrates this, the least subtle form of insincerity:

- (a) Because you speak to me in accents sweet
I find the roses waking round my feet,
And I am led through tears and joy to thee
Because you speak to me.

- (b) Since thou, O fondest and truest,
Hast loved me best and longest,
And now with trust the strongest
The joy of my heart renewest,

The good I have ne'er repaid thee
In heav'n I pray be recorded,
And all thy love be rewarded
By God, thy Master that made thee.

Insincerity also appears in songs in another form, in which the expression is inappropriate to the emotion to be expressed. It is recognisable that all vocal utterance expresses emotion of some kind and in some degree. A request to pass the salt or a simple statement to the effect that it is raining, or was cold yesterday, reflects the speaker's attitude towards the facts about which he is speaking. But some modes of expression—e.g., poetry—are more fit to be used for the discharge of a deep or of an intense emotion than for the communication of some fact of small interest for which colloquial prose would be appropriate. Mr. Holst has said that a musician expresses in sound the emotions which all men feel. When an ordinary man has to express something for which ordinary speech is inappropriate he generally falls back on a gift or a swift glance, a handshake or something of that sort. Artists have other means of expressing what they feel, but they do not employ these means to express the ordinary emotions of low intensity. A singer who, when buying a couple of mutton-chops addressed her butcher in *aria parlante*, would rightly be regarded as ridiculous. Mutton-chop emotion is experienced by all men, but it is not one that is appropriate to musical expression even by the most deeply-feeling composer. It is insincerity of this kind which brings God into the last verse of most royalty ballads. The F. E. Weatherleys of the poetry trade try to weight a shallow emotion on a trivial theme by drawing on the profound emotions with which the name of God is charged in the human heart. This leads to two astonishing results: one is that the mention of God, Whose chief characteristic is goodness, is the best rough test in existence for the badness of a song; and the other is that most songs of the semi-sacred type are in reality little essays in blasphemy. The misuse of roses and the dawn are other examples of the same form of insincerity. Well has Mr. Plunket Greene said that the royalty ballad has made the English rose to stink in our nostrils.

It may be argued that in any particular case of words or music of this kind the expression is perfectly sincere, though the quality of the emotion is poor. This is certainly true of some quite bad songs, in which case the badness is due to one or all of these qualities:

- (1.) Shallowness;
- (2.) Self-deception as to the real nature of the emotion;
- (3.) Sentimentality.

Many love-songs are bad because of their cheap superficial emotion. Since love is not a shallow topic, these must be assigned to the category of the insincerity of the indirect kind. But often we find shallowness of feeling that is quite sincere, which owes its shallowness to a certain triviality of theme or treatment. Compare the wrong way of doing this:

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street,
In a quaint little old-fashioned town,

In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair.

I love every mouse in that old-fashioned house
In the street that runs uphill and down,
Each stone and each stick, every cobble and brick,
In that quaint little old-fashioned town.

with the right:

Just now the lilac is in bloom
All before my little room,
And in my flower-beds I think
Smile the carnation and the pink.

Εἴθε γένοιμην—would that I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!

Sentimentality is a species of self-deception, and will make clear the nature of the wider genus. Sentimentality may most conveniently and concisely be defined as self-conscious emotion, and may be seen most clearly in a love-song where ostensibly the man's emotion is love for his beloved. A closer scrutiny, however, reveals that he is entirely pre-occupied with himself. Thus the sentimental song says:

Two sad grey eyes so tired and desolate,
I'd give the world if it could be my fate
To dry the tears that blind your eyes,
(N.B.) And make their coldness glow *with love for me*.
For you my whole soul cries,
It *breaks my heart* to see your dear grey eyes so sad.

The true love-song, on the other hand, says:

Thou art my life, thou art my soul,
Naught can like *thee* such joy impart.

And even in the naïve *Waly, Waly*, where the lover is quite frankly telling of his feelings, there is no egotism masquerading as love for another:

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
I know not if I sink or swim.

Sentimentality is the exact psychological parallel of physical sensuality. The appetite of hunger is directed towards an end, namely, the maintenance of life: eating is accompanied by pleasure. When one eats for the pleasure of eating, and not for the satisfaction of the appetite, he is a sensualist. So when one exercises his emotions for the pleasure of the emotion, and not towards its legitimate end, he is a sentimentalist. If one is more in love with the pleasurable state of being in love than with his lover, he is a sentimentalist. And songs which say, in effect:

No song in all the world until you spoke,
No hope until you gave your heart to me . . .

are sentimental in the worst possible sense of the word, and are examples of what is known in recent psychological jargon as compensatory phantasy. The enormous popularity of many works of art which are ultimately seen to be bad is due to the fact that the suppressed wishes and rationalisations which clothe themselves, all unknown to the artist, in some of his most high-sounding and beautiful expressions, find an echo in the hearts of the hearers. We all like to deceive ourselves, and we can slip into sentimentality before we know it, just because the subconscious part of the mind can play these tricks.

Works of art inspired by the war offer many examples of what are superficially beautiful, but which, when viewed more closely, are seen to be the expressions of suppressed wishes and rationalisations of unacknowledged emotions. In the garb of righteous indignation, heroism, or sacrifice, appeared the emotions of hatred, 'positive self-feeling' of an aggressive kind, crude herd feeling, and 'pooled self-esteem' (a happy term of Mr. Clutton Brock's), until the crowning example of such art-works appeared, in which the woman who said 'Patriotism is not enough,' is commemorated with a statue inscribed with the words 'For God, King, and Country.' Musical examples of this kind of self-deception are common enough in the work of Victorian composers, and the present slump in Victorian musical stock has been largely brought about by the exposure of the deceit.

A similar psychological test for quality in music was described by Sir Hubert Parry before most people had heard of Freud, but which has received some confirmation from those parts of Freudian theory which are not really disputable. Parry said that a great deal of music—and he was speaking here of instrumental music—was bad, because in it men could abandon all restraint without realising what they were doing. In music one could swear with complete abandon and never utter a bad word, so that one did not know he was swearing, and consequently need suffer no pangs of conscience about it. Sankey hymns and some ragtime offer examples of this form of musical (and moral) viciousness, being, as they are, disguised manifestations of crude ego and sex. Respectable drawing-rooms listen with intense pleasure to the quite extraordinary outpourings of amateur vocalists (especially light baritones), because they are putting off all ordinary restraints for the time being, and are not ashamed of doing so, because they are not even aware that they are doing so. Stanford, in his *Musical Composition*, says that music in itself is incapable of any moral qualities, and is incapable of being obscene or morally offensive, though it can magnify those qualities a thousandfold if it is united with words or gestures which have these qualities. Parry's doctrine, however, goes further, and says that in music men can abandon moral restraint and give rein to emotions which they would curb if they were aware of their nature.

The last of the tests for a bad song to be mentioned is one of the easiest to apply, and the one by which we can cross from the literary method we have been using to one that is purely musical: it is the use of the *cliché*. It is not that an expression is intrinsically bad in any respect. It is impossible to condemn either of the words 'sacred' or 'edifice': it is even more impossible to say that an E♭ or a diminished seventh is insincere or artistically bad. But to employ a stereotyped formula borrowed at twentieth-hand to convey a vicarious emotion is one of the worst forms of artistic dishonesty. In any good art what is expressed, if it is to be of any value, must be the experience of the individual, his reaction to the great facts of universal experience. To give intelligible expression to such an experience involves the use of terms (whether words or tones) which are common property, but to use a ready-made phrase to convey something individual and peculiar is a form of insincerity which cheapens the very thing it is trying to exalt, and shows either superficiality or incompetence or a defective sense of what is fitting

in the artist who uses it and the audience which is imposed on by it. The ballads are full of verbal *clichés*—'divine' as the epithet of love is perhaps the commonest—and even the layman can be made to see some of their harmonic counterparts, the thick crowding together of pungent sevenths and ninths, augmented fifths, the use of moving octaves with stationary middles, and so on. Here is a pretty example:



Some of these tunes, though poor in themselves (yet usually very vocal), can be made more presentable by providing them with a cleaner harmonization, and even a lay ear made to appreciate the difference. Abuses of rhythm depend more on their context, and cannot be isolated so obviously, though inappropriate uses of *agitato* triplets and syncopation may be found in some popular songs. A most convincing example of faulty structure ruining a tune is *Tipperary*, which by its associations as well as by its intrinsic merits might have been expected to survive, and was none the less consigned without pity to the limbo of the out-of-date, not by highbrow musicians but by the man in the street innocent of all musical knowledge. The plain man doesn't know that he has so highly developed a sense of form which he exercises by the light of nature, and he is always interested to find out that it was for the weakness of that fatal third phrase that he turned it down:



By the canons he has obtained from some such examination of morals and language the ordinary

man can begin to judge music of all kinds; for sincerity, depth of feeling, appropriateness of treatment are qualities of all art, and the detection of *clichés*, which are definite things far more easily recognisable than the vaguer qualities for which we ultimately have to look, offers an easy introduction to the development of the faculty of criticism and the cultivation of taste. One only pitfall has to be avoided: not to lose in the exquisiteness of our taste the equally important quality of catholicity, and so make the mistake of condemning as bad art something in a style which the critic dislikes. But Style is another question, and a big one—almost as big as Taste.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

BY ARTHUR T. FROGGATT

The exhibits number eighty in excess of those of last year, and the proportion of subjects possessing musical interest is about the same. That less than twenty out of a total of fifteen hundred and forty-four exhibits deal in any way with music, would certainly seem to suggest that it has but little attraction for the disciples of those arts which the Royal Academy takes under its fostering wing. Let us see if the exceptions make up in quality for what they lack in quantity.

The old-fashioned square pianoforte figures in two pictures, both found in gallery No. 1. 'An old Song,' by Constance Rea (6), and 'Drawing-room at Hyde,' by Jessie Gibson (63), have this in common, that both lack colour, both lack interest, and in both the instrument appears to be rather shabby. They may be clavichords (they are not very well displayed), but I take them to be 'square' pianofortes.

In gallery No. 2 is a very charming 'Pastoral' (120), by Philip Connard. It is a garden scene, with a group of ladies, one of whom is far more scantily attired than is usual even in the present day, while another is playing a guitar—not, it is to be hoped, with the intention of attracting an audience.

Gallery No. 4 contains a remarkable picture, 'The Return of Eurydice' (202), by Charles Ricketts, with a very beautiful figure of the heroine. Hermes, with his caduceus, is seated on the ground, while Orpheus stands erect, with lyre raised to heaven. But it is quite clearly a five-stringed lyre, an instrument, I believe, unknown to Hellas. However, if it be true, as some say, that Orpheus received his lyre from Mercury and not from Apollo, the artist may be right as to the number of strings, for Mercury's instrument was the chelys, which is sometimes depicted as having five strings.

'Romance d'autrefois' (316), by Virgil Costantini, in gallery No. 7, has little of the fascination suggested by its title. A lady seated at a short grand pianoforte is playing to five other ladies. There is a great deal of reflection, but not much light or atmosphere in the picture; the costumes are dowdy, and the spectator views the pianoforte from an ungainly angle. An ugly thing with a pretty name.

'Une Page d'Harmonie' (331), by H. Davis Richter, is a pleasing picture of still life, in which a group of hydrangeas forms the most conspicuous object. The title is derived from a statuette representing a boy playing upon an instrument which looks something like an old-fashioned hunting-horn.

'Sanger's Circus: an Afternoon Performance' (337), by Frederick W. Elwell, a clever study of artificial light, shows the band in shadow, in the foreground of the picture.

'John P. Sheridan, Esq.' (377), by Albert E. Brockbank, in gallery No. 8, is the portrait of a violinist in the act of playing his instrument. The violin has been an insuperable difficulty to many a painter, and Mr. Brockbank has been unusually successful in his treatment of the whole subject. The foreshortening is particularly good, and the only criticism we feel inclined to make is that the finger-board does not appear to taper as it should.

From a musical point of view, the most interesting piece of work in the Academy is undoubtedly 'Adrian C. Boulton, Esq.' (409), by Kazunori Ishibashi. To my mind it is a very characteristic and successful portrait. I have no desire to introduce politics on this occasion, but I may perhaps be permitted to say that it strikes me as an indication of the difference of temperament between two men, that while Dr. Boulton has elected to be portrayed in his well-known chocolate-coloured suit, rather than in those robes of a doctor of music to which he is entitled, 'Smith major' (367) has had the vanity to appear (for the second time) on the walls of the Academy in robes to which he is no longer entitled, and which he is not likely ever to have the opportunity (unless at a fancy-dress ball) for wearing again.

In gallery No. 10, 'The Spell' (576), by J. Charles Dollman, is an arresting picture of a desert scene, with a finely painted group of lions and, in their midst, Orpheus with an eight-stringed lyre.

'The Blue Ceiling' (606), by Gerald Moira, may be high art, but if I had such a ceiling in my own drawing-room I should say it was the work of a very inefficient artisan, and I should refuse to pay the bill until it was put right. The blue curtain also, which hangs below, has obviously returned from spring cleaning, and the colour has 'run.' Cheap curtains are a mistake. The best thing in the room is the grand pianoforte, the lid of which, at any rate that part of it which lies in the foreground of the picture, really does shine. But a big pot full of flowers stands upon it. I doubt if that pianoforte is much used.

Among the water-colours I found nothing of any musical interest.

'Joseph Ivimey' (1134), etching and aquatint, by George Belcher, shows the musician in the act of conducting, a very characteristic and praiseworthy piece of work.

In the Architectural Room the 'Memorial Chapel, Rugby School, interior, looking west' (1312), by Sir Charles A. Nicholson, shows a very unobtrusive, but (I should think) extremely effective organ case.

Two bronzes in the Lecture Room call for notice. 'Bacchanale, statuette' (1402), by Pilkington Jackson, a figure poised on one leg, with arms fully extended and a cymbal fixed on each hand, is a vigorous and satisfactory piece of work. 'Shepherd piping' (1457), by F. W. Pomeroy, shows a performance on the Pandean pipes, in this case seven in number.

It seems strange, when we consider how beautiful are the forms of most musical instruments, that they should exercise so little attraction upon the minds of our painters and sculptors. But the explanation very possibly may be that beauty of form, like beauty of sound, is at present a little out of fashion.

ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND, UPPER NORWOOD

There is probably no class of persons to whom sympathy goes out more spontaneously than to those who from birth or through accident have lost their sight. Of the various appeals which have been made since the Great War, none have received more universal or more generous response than those which were to help and to educate men who had lost their sight in the war. In giving assistance to funds and institutions devoted mainly to this special purpose, we must be careful not to overlook the claims of institutions which long years before the war were doing work of national importance and sterling value in the cause of the higher education of the blind; by training them not merely to take their place as educated members of society, but also by giving them special technical training in callings and professions by means of which they can maintain themselves. Of such Institutions one of the foremost is the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood, which was founded in 1872 by Dr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Campbell, and which has now completed fifty years of invaluable work. As a fitting celebration of this fact the Prince of Wales has promised to visit the College on the occasion of its Jubilee Festival, on Monday, July 9 next.

The Royal Normal College, while giving a sound intellectual and physical training to its pupils, has always specialised in the teaching of music. The singing of its choir and the excellent playing of its organists and pianists are well known to many. Alfred Hollins, one of the most gifted and famous of blind musicians, was a student at this College. The record of the successes of its pupils in the gaining of professional diplomas is one of which any institution might be proud, and is ample evidence of the excellence of the teaching given.

Four of the pupils have taken the degree of Bachelor of Music, while eleven have entered upon University careers either at Oxford or Cambridge. Thirty-eight have become Licentiates of the R.A.M., and four Associates of the R.C.M. It is, however, at the R.C.O. that the greatest number of successes have been gained, and the Norwood College has trained a large number of brilliant organists.

Twenty-five pupils have become Fellows and fifty-eight Associates of the R.C.O., while the Lafontaine Prize has been won three times, the Turpin Prize three times, and the Sawyer Prize twice. All those who have attended the distribution of diplomas at the R.C.O. must remember the regularity with which several blind candidates, most of whom came from this College, occupied the front rows of seats. Since it was established the Normal College has trained twelve hundred students, and at the present time there are a hundred and forty in residence. Of the excellence of both the general and the special training given no evidence could be stronger than the fact that of those pupils who completed their training and graduated from the College more than eighty-four per cent. are now earning their living either as organists, teachers of music, pianoforte tuners, clergymen, school teachers, shorthand-typists, or in some other special manner.

In connection with the Jubilee Celebration an appeal is being made by Lord Burnham, the hon. treasurer, for £75,000, in order that this deserving Institution, which hitherto has been dependent so much upon voluntary contributions, shall be

permanently established and its Governing Body freed from financial anxiety. It is hoped that this appeal will have a wide and generous response, so that the great and necessary work which is being so ably carried on under the direction of Mr. Guy Campbell, may be continued with that efficiency and success which have characterised it in the past. S.

THE ENCORE QUESTION

BY RICHARD HOLT

When, at the Albert Hall concert on April 9, I interjected the remark of protest 'I want to hear the orchestra,' I had no premonition that it would prove for the Press an acceptable coup, or that my energetic statement would have such extensive repercussions. Despite the flood of comment which submerged the musical world the next day, I remained content with my anonymous fame until I read the letter of Mr. Robert Lorenz which appeared in the May number of the *Musical Times*. In response to his stimulating appeal I am tempted to proffer a few reasons as to why I broke the decorum of the concert hall, along with some observations upon encores in general.

As Mr. Lorenz justly observes, the association of Sir Thomas Beecham (especially when making his appearance after so long an interval) with Dame Clara Butt was highly incongruous, inasmuch as they represent irreconcilable schools of musical thought. To one sensitive of the beauties of, e.g., *Ein Heldenleben*, Berlioz's *La Chasse*, or *The Village Romeo and Juliet* Intermezzo, Dame Butt's selection of encores proved to be rather trying. Having patiently borne several insipid items such as *The Angelus*, *Land of Nod*, &c., I apprehended the appearance of such old staggers as *Annie Laurie* or *The Rosary*, and as Sir Thomas was, presumably, twiddling his thumbs while waiting to direct the orchestral numbers that principally comprised the programme, I felt impelled to show that there was at least one among the audience who remembered the presence of a great conductor and benefactor of music. The reception of my protest revealed that I had voiced the resentment of a big section who felt as I did.

But I cannot agree with those who would condemn encores unreservedly. It seems to me to be all a question of taste and discrimination, to say nothing of relativity. I see no harm in inciting such artists as Rosenthal, Chaliapin, Gerhardt, and their like to give encores at their recitals. I confess that on such occasions the Oliver Twist proclivity in me is imperiously assertive. Pachmann, for instance, would be difficult to dissuade from duplicating his advertised programme. Indeed, on one occasion, after a half-dozen extra items he facetiously commenced the *Waldstein* Sonata, but smilingly desisted after a few bars—doubtless he did not wish to overtax those of inferior musical stamina. Just as in the domain of ethics a capacity to act spontaneously and to disregard the letter of the law argues a higher and more moral type than that which unquestioningly obeys an externally imposed code, so, in the matter of encores, giving, one who displays discretion and initiative is a more cultivated type of listener than he whom it is necessary to doom to a specific prohibition. Artistic discrimination is everything; but courtesy towards other artists and types of music-lovers should be allowed its influence. Rigorously to interdict encores is to disregard the fact that although advertised programmes are calculated to call forth an average

amount of physical and nervous energy on the part of executants, yet frequently an artist—when, so to speak, wound up, and in the mood—does find pleasure in prolonging his recital. Musical performances are, of course, so diverse that to generalise is impossible. With orchestras the case is somewhat different, though the occasion may be recalled when a Madrid audience unanimously demanded a repetition of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, an incident which turns upon taste in encores. In this connection many, even great, artists err by immediately repeating an item instead of announcing that they will do so at the end of the programme, when the distractions of the intervening numbers would allow the elements of dramatic surprise and unfamiliarity to resume their sway. A series of 'upper cuts' may be artistic and laudable in a pugilistic encounter, but a twice- or thrice-repeated musical item inevitably suffers depreciation at the ears of the listener. He requires time to lose the immediate impression. This being so, I suggest that the ideal place for the repetition would be at the end of the concert. That the artist should at once respond to the demand of the audience, and sing something else—with detriment to the balance of the programme—seems to me to be quite illogical. If a number is encored, the implication is that the audience likes that particular work. Merely to provide a different one is to forget that the next item in the programme would serve the purpose.

Probably the present-day aspect of the encore is traceable to the smoking concert, where it is an aid to the *motif* of sustained conviviality that is a part of the proceedings. It is only by some such hypothesis that we can understand the present tendency to give encores of the prevalent inferior quality; also the fashion—happily violated by a few performers—of refraining to tell the audience what the encore is.

No universal proscription of the encore is possible, however much it may be desirable, if only to repress the noisy section that clamours for a repetition on wholly inartistic grounds. An Italian audience will demand the repetition of an operatic item in order again to hear a top note! I remember, at a performance of *La Bohème*—when the house was hanging on the singing of Martinelli in the love duet—hearing an excited voice that greeted the singer's climax with shouts of 'Bravo, Martinelli! Viva Martinelli! Bis, bis . . . !'

Again, it seems to have become established that neither Rachmaninov or Battistini may appear without deafening shouts of 'Prelude, Prelude!' and 'Prologo, Prologo!' respectively. So soon as the demand is granted, a tempest of applause renders a part of the work inaudible. One other solecism frequently occurs when a great pianist plays in a concerto. He is clamorously assailed with demands for an encore, which, if conceded, in an instant obliterates the impression made by the greater work. I hope the day will come when no true artist will incite the chagrin of appreciative listeners by such inopportune performances.

A vital aspect lies in what should constitute an ideal length of programme. Miss Dorothy Silk, who, at the Albert Hall recently, deliberately abstained from giving encores, did so for two reasons. The first (a very excellent one) was that the end of the programme comprised a selection from *Die Meistersinger*. The second reason—a bad one—was that the conductor wanted to catch a train. We

may see some *Adagios* becoming sadly harassed if the latter consideration gains recognition. Miss Silk also added that an hour and three-quarters of good music sufficed for her. I fear that my own appetite is somewhat more ravenous, and I cannot help wondering if Miss Silk leaves a performance of *Die Meistersinger* after that length of time. If she is referring to instrumental music, I for one would be sorry if symphony concerts were limited to that duration. I think two and a-half hours, with an adequate interval, would be an acceptable norm. Having in mind, however, that an operatic performance will sometimes last for from three to four hours, I cannot understand why any with a real love for music should be so insistent that they have a train to catch, or a meal to devour, or an appointment to keep, when they attend an orchestral concert. It can only be assumed that when such persons attend the opera the railway company considerably holds back their train, that the domestic powers-that-be solicitously keep their meals hot, and that whomsoever they have contracted to meet magnanimously kills time for an hour or so. If audiences were so far musical as to appreciate fairly long programmes, encores would be unnecessary, and excusable only at recitals, where, as already remarked, the relations established between artist and audience will decide the propriety of demand and supply.

Finally, it must be recognised that the encore has become a formidable abuse in proportion as the capacity for concentration of the modern audience has declined. Nearly all composers of to-day, of whatever school or nationality, tend to produce works on a miniature scale. An illustration of this trait is afforded in the Bax *Symphony*, which occupies about twenty minutes in performance, and other examples may be cited in the multiplicity of songs and pieces which typographically do not boast more than a couple of pages.

The reaction against works of 'heavenly length' has reached its *reductio ad absurdum* in a *Cat Song* of Stravinsky, which is begun and finished in the same breath. Doubtless admirers of this sort of thing would say that it is a work of 'heavenly brevity,' though I should not be surprised to find there were some who complained of its longueurs. A modern ballad concert leaves an impression of an intermittent pandemonium of clapping and stamping, with brief intervals when somebody sings a song to relieve the audience of the fatigue of applause. This incapacity to concentrate, to summon the mood of sustained interest, cannot fail to act detrimentally upon composers of inspired imagination, and it plays right into the hands of the encore maniacs, who cannot control the neurotic excitement induced by such demonstrative ebullitions, so that they seem the victims of a sort of St. Vitus's dance. Until a reaction takes place against the pigmy order of composition, there is little hope that the encore fiend will be abolished. Mr. Lorenz, along with Mr. Newman—who declared that my protest echoed the general feeling—suggests a form of retaliation on the part of normal concert-goers, who surely are a majority. This might mean the suppression of the few whose demands are pushed with such irrational avidity; but I fear it might also lead to reprisals, and ultimately to an internecine struggle whose merits could be gauged only by critics of wrestling and pugilism. Before becoming belligerents, it would be best for both sides to recognise that the soundest form of encore would be to rally to the support of good music, so that accepted masterpieces may be

heard frequently instead of occasionally. Afterwards the irreconcilables of the concert world, of whom there are bound to be a few survivals, could be quelled by one unanimous and compelling 'Sh—' whenever they become unduly or unseasonably obtrusive.

Occasional Notes

The fourth Aberystwyth Festival will be held by the University College of Wales at the University Hall, Aberystwyth, on June 22 to 25. The conductors will be Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Walford Davies, and Dr. Adrian C. Boult. The choir and orchestra will be formed of members of the College Choral and Orchestral Unions, with various other contingents, and the British Symphony Orchestra. The following is the programme: June 22, Mozart's *Symphony in E flat* and works by Elgar; June 23, Beethoven's seventh *Symphony* and *Choral Fantasia*; June 24, public rehearsal of the *St. Matthew Passion*; June 25, the *St. Matthew Passion* (afternoon) and miscellaneous programme (evening).

The arrangements for the Handel Festival (June 16, 19, 21, and 23) are now well under way, and report speaks highly of the quality of the choir. But that is to be expected, since Sir Frederic Cowen has long since shown us that a choir of thousands need be no mere noise producer. There is nothing more impressive at a Handel Festival than the *pianissimo* singing, and nothing more astonishing than the nuances. These subtleties were unknown in the earlier Festivals, when the choir, having the power of a giant, used it like one all the time. Apropos of this choir, Jeremiahs who say there is no choralism in London may be reminded that the great bulk of the three thousand five hundred singers are drawn from the London district. Even the leaven of a Yorkshire contingent couldn't make the choir so good if these Londoners were a poor lot.

Most of us have long felt that the Handel Festival would be doing the composer a good turn by giving the more hackneyed works a rest in favour of some of the countless neglected treasures scattered among the operas and lesser-known oratorios. The forthcoming Festival takes a step in the right direction, as there will be practically two Selection Days. This will give an opening for unfamiliar items, and among these will be choruses from *Alexander's Feast*, the *Dettingen Te Deum*, *Saul*, and *Jephtha*. The extracts from the last-named work will include the fine 'How dark, O Lord, are Thy decrees.'

The list of soloists contains all the names that one would expect to see—the cream of singers suitable for work of this kind. Among the instrumental items are Hamilton Harty's arrangement of movements from the *Water Music*, the Concerto for strings, in D minor, No. 10, and a certain *Largo*, arranged by Hellmesberger for strings, harp, and organ. We suggest that one of these days this piece should be sung in its original tenor aria form, just before its performance as the *Largo*. Few of the rank and file of audiences are aware how much it has grown since Handel finished with it. The modest operatic air has become one of the British unofficial national anthems, with distinct leanings towards the more comfortable kind of religion—the kind that has no dogmas and duties and that makes one feel good.

While on the Handel Festival, we take the opportunity for drawing attention to the Walter Hedgcock Testimonial Concert, the object of which is the recognition of Mr. Hedgcock's services to music during his thirty years' work at the Crystal Palace. Folk who rarely go to the Palace save at Handel Festivals do not realise the amount of music-making that takes place there all the year round. In all this activity Mr. Hedgcock is the directing spirit. Special mention should be made of his work as conductor of the Crystal Palace Choral and Orchestral Society—an organization with a long list of excellent performances to its credit. The concert that is being arranged as a sign of public appreciation of his services to the art will take place in the early autumn at the Palace. The hon. secretary is Mr. Frederick H. White, Malmains Way, Beckenham.

We are asked to make known the fact that a contest in verse-speaking will take place at Oxford on July 24 and 25. The event will be known as 'The Oxford Recitations.' The promoters rightly lay emphasis on the importance of reviving this beautiful art—one of those that the printing press more or less killed. There will be nine classes, for competition of various ages from twelve upwards, and the tests will comprise narrative, reflective, dramatic, ballad, descriptive, and lyric poems. The judges will be Sir Herbert Warren, Profs. Gilbert Murray and George Gordon, Mr. Laurence Binyon, and Mr. John Masefield. Entry forms and full particulars are to be had of the hon. secretary and treasurer, Mrs. John Masefield, Hill Crest, Boar's Hill, Oxford.

Reverting for a moment to Handel, we hear with pleasure of the publication in the near future of a book on the composer by Mr. Newman Flower. Mr. Flower's name is familiar to Handelians through his remarkable collection of Handel manuscripts and portraits, and it is fitting that the book should be strong on the pictorial side. There will be over fifty illustrations, in colour and black and white, and most of them have never before been reproduced. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., will welcome inquiries from secretaries of Handel societies and other musical organizations interested, to whom they will gladly send an illustrated prospectus.

Music in the Foreign Press

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

NEW RUSSIAN MUSICAL JOURNALS

At Moscow has appeared the first number of a monthly bearing the title, *Towards New Shores* ('K' Novym Beregam,' Moussorgsky's famous motto). The editors are Prof. Victor Belaeve and the quondam founder of the excellent little weekly, *Muzyka*, Vladimir Derjanovsky. This first number contains an essay on 'The Future of Russian Music,' by Igor Glebot, and various things on Prokofiev. The 'plums' in the forthcoming numbers will include a study of Moussorgsky's original manuscript of *Khorovshchikina*, by P. Lamm, and unpublished letters of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Balakirev. The journal is handsomely produced, and contains much valuable matter.

From Petrograd comes the news that a periodical, *Muzikalnaya Letopis* (Musical Annals, or Record),

is to appear under the editorship of André Rimsky-Korsakov.

ON WAGNER'S EARLIEST WORKS

In *Le Ménestrel* (April 27) Jean Chantavoine reviews the recently-published score of *Liebesverbot*. He notes, on the one hand, a number of borrowings:

In the duet between Isabella and Luzio appears the Coda of the Queen of the Night's first aria (*Zauberflöte*); elsewhere (vocal score, p. 395) a chromatic sequence from the first *Finale* in *Don Giovanni*; here and there (e.g., pp. 420, 421) we are reminded of Rossini's *Tancrède* and the *Italian*; the Sicilian Carnival (p. 487) recalls Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*; and the ensemble, 'Sie schweizet in stummen Schmerz,' is closely imitated from the 'O ciel, quel est donc ce mystère?' in *La Dame Blanche*.

But he also points out things that herald the style of Wagner's maturity.

In the *Neue Musikzeitung* (April 5) Dr. R. Scherwatsky examines the music of *The Fairies*. He notes that it owes much to the influence of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and considers it 'the bridge between the works of Wagner's youth and those of the first period of his maturity.'

POLYTONALITY

In the *Revue Musicale* (February)—this issue did not reach the *Musical Times* office in time for earlier reference) Darius Milhaud systematically surveys the possibilities of polytonal writing, harmonic or contrapuntal. The latter, he says, is specially suitable in small instrumental combinations:

But if a work is to be atonal or polytonal, it must be by virtue of its melodic substance, which proceeds from the composer's very heart, and not merely 'according to plan.' It is only if the melodic elements render a polytonal or atonal character unavoidable and necessary that the outcome will not be still-born.

In the *Courrier Musical* Albert Freve-Longeray attempts to prove that polytonality is but an illusion, and that any instance of alleged polytonal writing is to be understood either as enharmonic or as comprising partials (after the fashion illustrated by mixture-stops on the organ)—possibly with a few suspensions, anticipations, and passing-notes here and there—and therefore may receive a tonal label.

Louis Vuillermín protested in the *Courrier Musical*, some time ago, against the concerts organized by Jean Wiener, alleging that they helped to propagate undesirable alien influences. He added that many friends of his approved of his attitude. In the same periodical (April 1) appears a letter signed by Ravel, Roussel, Caplet, and Roland-Manuel, who state that:

M. Vuillermín compels some of his friends to point out that they do not agree with his views. The undersigned were glad of the opportunity provided by Mr. Wiener to hear Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and a number of other works, French and foreign. They express the hope that patriotism will give up unprofitable by-paths of this kind.

MAX REGER

Had he lived, Max Reger would have attained his fiftieth birthday on March 19. The date is commemorated by special numbers of the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* and *Zeitschrift für Musik* (March 15). The former contains articles on the composer's first String Quartet by A. Lindner, on his orchestration by Karl Hasse, on his music for solo violin by W. F. Gess, on his friendship with Philip Wolfrum by Dr. H. M. Popper, and on the BACH Fantasia for organ by Hermann Keller (with special reference to its

harmonic texture). The *Zeitschrift für Musik* has a useful article on his minor pianoforte works by Dr. W. Niemann.

The April issue of the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* contains half-a-dozen articles on Reger, among which is one on his organ music by Franz Schütz:

Reger is the most powerful contrapuntist since Bach. Hence the importance of his organ works, in which we see all the classical forms filled with new substance. From Op. 27 to the Fantasia and Fugue, Op. 135, all his organ music will repay study. The BACH Fugue, Op. 46, the three Chorale Fantasies, Op. 52, and the *Inferno* Fantasie, Op. 57, are specially to be praised.

YOUNG BELGIAN COMPOSERS

In *Il Pianoforte* (April) G. Systermans mentions among the younger representatives of the Belgian school Fernand Quinet, Meseno, Paul Maleingreau, Henry Sarley, René Barbier, Eugène Guillaume, Leopold Samuel, Jean Absil, and Jules Strens.

HUGO KAUN

In the *Signale* (March 21) G. R. Kruse devotes an article to the little-known composer Hugo Kaun, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. Kaun's chamber music for strings and his songs are well spoken of.

BRAHMS'S 'HAYDN' VARIATIONS

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (March) Alfred Orel examines Brahms's sketches towards his Op. 56, and describes the differences between the first and the final versions.

EUGÈNE GIGOUT

In *Le Monde Musical* (March) Gabriel Fauré describes with warm praise Gigout's career as organist and teacher.

ANTONIO TARI

La Critica Musicale devotes its first (1923) number—superbly got up—to Antonio Tari (1809-84), writer on music and professor of aesthetics at the Naples University. Tari was among the first to champion Wagner's music in Italy. Four essays of his on points of musical aesthetics appear in this number.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Singer's Pilgrimage. By Blanche Marchesi.

[Grant Richards, 18s.]

Singers' autobiographies are notoriously amongst the world's worst books. They are, as a rule, badly-written; they contain little of importance to the reader whose interest in music extends beyond the narrow limits and conventions of the opera-house; and they repel by their insistence on the material side of success—the bouquets, fat fees, and other evidences of popularity.

Madame Marchesi's book is a welcome change. It contains a good deal of frank comment on the conditions that govern the singer's life, some valuable advice to students (inevitably less than we should like of this, so far as actual singing method is concerned), and is altogether the work of one who is no less remarkable as a woman than as a singer and teacher.

The book's three hundred pages are so packed with interest that their very richness makes the reviewer's job a difficult one. On the whole, space being limited, it seems best to touch briefly on the closing chapters, wherein Marchesi delivers herself in regard to teachers, students, style, and method.

She lays great stress on the importance of physical fitness in a student, and roundly condemns English girls for their want of care, especially in regard to feeding and rest:

The ignorance of the English girl about her own health is immense. . . . I had to teach my pupils how to eat, to drink, to sleep, to clothe themselves. When I question them as to what meals they take, they always say, 'Oh, I eat such a lot,' and, on close examination, that lot generally is a cup of tea and one of those ridiculous sandwiches with grass of some sort in it.

Nor does Marchesi find the average English girl student sufficiently in earnest; the men beat them in thoroughness.

Apocryphos of the question of health, it is interesting to note that the article by Dr. Scripture, in the May *Musical Times*, on causes of voice failure, is backed up by a passage in the chapter headed 'The Voice Trial.' The author discusses cases where voice failure had been investigated—in one instance by a famous laryngologist—simply as an affair of the vocal organs, without success; it was left to the teacher of singing to show the doctors that the cause of the trouble lay in some condition of the general health.

Marchesi is emphatically of opinion that no woman should sing the vowel-sound 'e,' and no man 'a,' on a high note:

To make a man say 'a' on his top note, and to make a woman say 'e' on her top note, can only be called cruelty . . . and should be stopped.

And elsewhere in the book she says:

There are registers in the human voice, and in those registers there are vowels which cannot be used without creating everlasting injury to the voice. Unless the composer studies this, the first ignorant and docile singer he finds will be the victim. The only thing a singer can do is to minimise the evil by camouflage. I am for camouflage. For instance, when I sing in the final scene of the *Götterdämmerung*, 'Siegfried, Siegfried,' on the high A flat, 'sterbend grüsst Dich Dein Weib,' I sing instead, 'Sagfrad, Sagfrad.' Nobody has ever remarked it. Nobody minds. But my larynx is safe, and if I really sang 'Siegfried' and then pushed out an 'e' on the top notes I should soon have no voice at all. None of these gentlemen would mind that either, but I should! In the *Walküre*, whenever a 'u' or 'i' is put on a high note from F sharp on, the conductor and composer can do as they please; they can faint or weep; a woman cannot and may not sing anything but 'a.' If she does she ruins her voice.

Are there a dozen standard songs that women may safely sing without this vowel modification? (Too mild a word: call it distortion.) Isn't Madame over-emphatic here? Already too many singers give us songs without words. Such a pronouncement from so famous a teacher will encourage them in their slovenly methods. Nobody will deny the difficulty, but a good many will refuse to admit that there is nothing between 'Siegfried' and 'Sagfrad.' Marchesi speaks of 'camouflage,' which 'Sagfrad' is not. Real camouflage would be the singing of 'Sagfrad' in such a way that it sounded far more like 'Siegfried.' It is difficult to show this apparent contradiction on paper, but every singer who has gone into the difficult-vowel problem will see what is meant. It is merely one of the numerous cases in art, as in life, where, if we cannot be right, we have to do the next best thing, and appear to be so nearly right as to pass muster.

The chapter entitled 'Methods' is an almost incredible record of charlatanism. The large piece of lead used by a Dresden teacher to keep a pupil's

tongue down (and which slipped into the interior of one victim, and had to be X-rayed and fished out); the wire cage, to ensure the open mouth (price one guinea, and made in one size only, with Procrustean results); the use of prunes or chestnuts in the cheeks to double the sound by keeping the cheeks from touching the teeth; breathing exercises, prone, with bricks on the chest for the fortifying of the muscles (one of Marchesi's male pupils told her he had reached the total of thirty bricks); the tumbler of water balanced on the chest of a woman pupil, also prone: her breathing was right if the water remained unspilled (unfortunately it never did); tightening a leather belt, running up and down stairs, and panting like a dog—three methods of improving breath control; Italian water, at five shillings per bottle ('In Italy the voice is good because the water is good: if you drink Italian water . . .'); and, leaving the water for the air, there was 'amoniaphone,' sold in tubes (another five shillings), alleged to be compressed Italian air ('Italian air gives voice: if you breathe Italian air . . .')—these and other practices described by Marchesi suggest the dark ages rather than the 20th century.

Here space gives out, with many discussable points untouched.

The lively style of the book will be seen in the above extracts. Perhaps Mr. Gerald Cumberland (who is in charge of Grant Richards's musical books) might profitably have overhauled some of the punctuation, removed a few adjectives, and found substitutes for an occasional over-violent term ('How much did you sing, unfortunate woman? I screamed.' 'Screamed?'). But the blue pencil is apt to be a fatal weapon: in removing the blemishes it may easily destroy the life and character of the writing.

And this book is above all the expression of a personality, a great singer and musician, and one with whom teaching is a passion rather than a mere profession.

By the way, English musical critics receive so many hard words that it is pleasant to find Marchesi handing them a nice little bouquet:

To face the critic in England, when you are a real artist, is no ordeal, but a joy, because here more than anywhere else in the world the critic is honest, unbiassed, and, generally speaking, knows what he is talking about, and wishes to keep his reputation for impartiality. This is why for every artist it is so highly important to appear before the English critics and to win their golden opinions.

Scriabin. By Alfred J. Swan.

[John Lane, 6s.]

There is a decided slump in Scriabin just now, some critics even going so far as to say that he is already among the composers who have been 'found out.' I say 'already,' for if these critics are right, the finding-out process has been unusually quick. As a rule such composers have cut a fine figure for at least a generation, whereas it seems but yesterday that Scriabin came and took firm hold of London with recitals of his own pianoforte works. (As a fact, it was in the spring of 1914). How far he has declined in popularity matters less than the fact that he *has* declined. And the reasons are as plain as the fact. His early works too obviously derive from Chopin, and his later ones suffer from a triple defect; they are either invertebrate, or harmonically monotonous, or they attempt to express ideas for which music is an inadequate medium. Out-and-out enthusiasts will continue to swear by the later

Sonatas and orchestral works, but I am not afraid to risk a prophecy that Scriabin's final position in the roll of fame will be a modest one, and that he will get it, and hold it, by virtue of his shorter pianoforte works. Their charm is not affected by their too obvious debt to Chopin, and they will continue to appeal to pianists because they are so perfectly adapted to the instrument.

Mr. Swan is among the enthusiasts. For him Scriabin is a Titan—the word is his, not mine, and it is so much his that he sprinkles his pages with it. I began to dog's-ear the pages on which Scriabin is described as a Titan, or his work as titanic, but I soon gave up out of kindness to the volume. However, the word means less than it might, having regard to Mr. Swan's addiction to hyperbole. Thus, we read of 'the olympic grandeur' of Tanéïev; of Scriabin's 'gigantic mind'; of his 'pouring forth work after work, in magnitude comparable only to the loftiest there is in music'; he is a 'giant-musician'; and a 'Messiah among men.' And much besides. Frankly, such fanfares will not help us to an appreciation of Scriabin. We look rather for that cool, critical discussion which, side by side with the pretty frequent opportunities for hearing his music, would enable us to give the composer his due. Mr. Swan's book is likely to leave many readers prejudiced against his idol, partly through its extravagant adulation, and even more because the character that emerges from the biographical side of the work is unattractive. Scriabin's heartless treatment of his wife, his consistent selfishness, his want of mental and moral ballast, and the megalomania shown not only in the scale of his latest works, and in his conception of the 'Mystery,' but even in his windy indications as to expression—these traits make up an unpleasing personality. Mr. Swan says much about the 'mystic Promethean chord,' which he tells us is 'actually the only chord of *Prometheus* . . . upon analysis it will be found to embrace all the four kinds of triads . . . That is why it has been called synthetic.' But what matters most about the harmony of a work is not its synthetic quality. And the brutal fact is that the ear rebels at an overdose of any pet progression, whether it be the diminished seventh of the older classics, the whole-tone scale and consecutive ninths and thirteenth of Debussy and Cyril Scott, the consecutive fifths and false relations of our own Tudor enthusiasts, or Scriabin's pungent sky-scraper of fourths.

Great and enduring music may some day be written round a fancy progression, but the chances are against it, for the simple reason that the result can hardly be other than monotonous. Generally speaking the ear has no use for monotony save in certain short forms where it has expressive and descriptive *raison d'être*, e.g., lullabies, gondola songs, &c. The reason so many of us are tiring of Scriabin is to be found in this fatal defect of monotony, his larger works being little more than gigantic and rather messy purple patches. There is nothing in music that has a shorter life than your purple patch. It begins by intoxicating, and soon becomes irritating; the boring stage is then round the corner.

Mr. Swan's book is valuable on the biographical side, and it gives us, too, real illumination on modern Russian music generally; particularly good is his discussion of the Beliaev circle and the Balakirev group (the 'Five'). A useful feature is the complete list of Scriabin's works.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

Messrs. Putnam's Sons have issued an English edition of Gustav Kobbé's *Complete Opera Book* (25s.), an American work that has already been noticed in our columns. It is a stout tome of over 800 pages, giving the stories of about two hundred operas, with four hundred of the leading themes, and sixty-four portraits. The only difference between the American and English editions seems to be in the portraits, which in the latter are largely of British artists. The 'Complete' in the title breaks down on examination, for not one English opera is discussed. Neither Purcell, Stanford, Smyth, or Sullivan are even mentioned in the index. We see a reference to Balfe, and on turning it up, find it is merely a statement of the bald fact of his having composed a *Falstaff*. English opera counts for a little more than this, surely! There are scores of pages in this book given to discussion of operas that have been on the shelf for years, and will never come down, whereas the Gilbert-Sullivan works are always being played somewhere to crowded houses. This Incomplete Opera Book is otherwise an excellent volume. But inasmuch as no book can keep its readers in touch with the operatic output unless it appears in an up-to-date new edition annually, there is much to be said for the *National Opera Handbooks* (Grant Richards, 1s.), little pocket affairs of about fifty pages. Each deals with one opera, giving the story, a note on the composer, and information about the music, with some details of the orchestration. The general editor is Major A. Corbett-Smith, who has also been the general writer of the batch of a dozen booklets or so already published. The series is planned to include all the standard operas, and that it will be kept up-to-date seems to be shown by the fact that a handbook on *The Perfect Fool* is in the press. On the whole, if a guide to the opera be necessary, this seems to be the handiest way of providing it. The only drawback to the miniature method is that it makes the provision of musical examples difficult. It is to be hoped that the publisher of these handbooks may soon see his way to the use of a modest amount of music-type. The numbers so far published include *Parsifal*, *The Mastersingers*, *Tristan*, *The Ring*, *The Magic Flute*, &c. Slip one in your pocket before starting to Covent Garden during the present B. N. O. C. season.

George Denham's *Mastery of the Keyboard* (Cecil Palmer) has for alternative title, *How to manipulate the keys of the pianoforte without looking at the fingers*, and there you have pretty well all that need be said about the book. The idea is so simple and practical that we wonder it has not been dealt with systematically long ago. It is merely applying to the fingers what many organists do instinctively with their feet—helping and developing the sense of locality by delicately feeling for the edges of keys, especially the black or short keys. All keyboard-players will benefit from this thorough little work.

An authorised French edition of Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's *Russian Opera* has just been issued (Chester and Les Editions de la Sirène, Paris), under the title, *L'Opéra Russe*. The translation is by S. Maerky-Richard.

Two volumes have been added to the admirable Church-music monographs published by the Faith Press—*Latin Hymnody*, by H. V. Hughes (now Father Anselm, O.S.B.), and *The Priest's Part of the Anglican Liturgy, Choir Offices, and Litany*, by

Charles W. Pearce. Both contain copious examples in music-type. Dr. Pearce gives the music of the Prefaces in both Latin and Sarum forms, and the intonations to the *Gloria in Excelsis*, &c. Father Anselm's book is packed with matter of value and interest to plainsong enthusiasts. H. G.

New Music

SONGS

In a group of songs just issued by Curwen, Maurice Besly's *An Epitaph* strikes attention at once on account of its grace and refinement. The words are by Walter de la Mare. The grave ascending and descending semitones in octaves co-operate with the poem in producing an atmosphere of elegiac quiet and repose. The remaining six songs include *Illusion* and *Foxglove*, by Ursula Greville. The words of the first-named, by Edmund Storer, are a lament for a summer moth dying on the moon's reflection in the water. To this, and to the poem by Henry Bryan Binns, Miss Greville has given two equally individual settings. They are charming little trifles. Dorothy Howells's *If you meet a fairy* is a whimsical, humorous transcript of Rose Fyleman's poem, reprinted from *Punch*. Both poet and composer seem well-versed in the psychology of fairies. Hilaire Belloc's *The Birds*, a narrative poem of the Infant Christ and His toys, has been given an appropriate carol-like melody by Hugh Haley Simpson. A humorous *Clown's Song* of Hubert S. Ryan has been reproduced with characteristic quaint jocularity by Josef Holbrooke, and *The Satyr's Dance*, words from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse* (1614), is an effective song of the buccaneer type, well adapted to rouse an apathetic audience. Alec Rowley's *Cotswold Love* and *Old Oliver* (Winthrop Rogers), to words of John Drinkwater, are as national in character and sentiment as any West Country folk-song. Peter Warlock in *The Bachelor* (Augener) has captured the merry insouciance of the words of the 15th-century anonymous poem. The 'young man withouten a wife' will make a fair bid for popularity 'in every place where so he go.' Six other songs from Messrs. Augener include *The Little Waves of Breffny*, of Eva Gore Booth, Samuel Rogers's *Tread lightly here*—both pleasant, tuneful settings by Percy Judd—which will prove acceptable to the average singer, Adam Carse's setting of the late Sebastian Evans's *West of the Skerries*, and Vivian Hickey's *Wander-Thirst*, words by Gerald Gould. Two outstanding songs from the same publishers, the *Quiet Garden* and *Rybbesdale* (adapted by Clifford Bax from an Old English poem), are by Balfour Gardiner.

Purcell's *Evening Hymn, on a Ground*, words by Dr. William Fuller, has been edited and given an appropriate accompaniment by Harvey Grace (Novello). The Editor's Note truly describes it as one of the most beautiful of Purcell's songs, and tells of its appearing as the opening number in Playford's *Harmonia Sacra*, where it is set in key G. Later it was published in the folio edition of Vincent Novello. The eight bars which were omitted in the second edition of the song are restored in its present and latest edition. Other differences between the Playford and Novello editions are pointed out and explained in the Editor's Note. Messrs. Novello have also published a setting, by John Pointer, of *Shall I, wasting in despair*, the

words of which were written by George Wither in the 17th century. It is a clever and effective song.

James Lyon's *Four Songs from the Chinese* (Winthrop Rogers) are individual impressions of two Odes of Confucius and two other Chinese poems. In treatment and atmosphere they are of to-day, though not specially modern harmonically. They are essentially English conceptions of Chinese sentiment and perception. The translations are by L. Cranmer Byng.

W. G. Whitaker's *Two Song Carols* (Winthrop Rogers), *Nunc gaudet Maria* (15th century) and *Lullay, Lullay, Carol of the Virgin Mother*, from Sloane MSS., temp. Henry IV., are charming in idea and conception. Both are difficult, and at once archaic and modern. The spelling of the poem has been modernised. Also from Winthrop Rogers come Dr. Fellowes's transcriptions of John Dowland's *From Silent Night* and Thomas Ford's *What then is Love?* The first-named song is one of the most exquisite productions of the English school of Lutenist song-writers. It has been scored and edited by Dr. Fellowes for voice, violin, and cello or viol da gamba, and the pianoforte part has been translated from the lute tablature. *A Cradle Song*, by William Byrd, has also been edited by Dr. Fellowes (Stainer & Bell), and adapted in a more modern manner for the pianoforte from the original string parts. L. L.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Three publications issued during the month have each a very distinctive interest, and are typical of their class. The first is an old friend republished by Augener—Rubinstein's *Trio in B flat*—a work which undoubtedly bears the stamp of its period. There is no questioning the fact that it took Rubinstein a long time to say a very simple thing. The working-out section of the first movement shows clearly enough how apt he was to mistake mere routine for inspiration, and to accept things at their face value. The *Scherzo* is just the work of a clever improviser. There is nothing in it to stir the imagination, although it holds out to the pianist countless prospects of brilliant display. It may not represent Rubinstein's inspiration at its best, but it is far from his worst. If we miss the lyrical swing of such a theme as that of the *Finale* of the G major Sonata, we are also spared the spectacle of a composer lost in the mazes of the variation form as a country bumpkin gets lost in the maze at Hampton Court. Such a work as this fully explains the revolt against pseudo-classicism, which is what Alexandre Tcherepine may be said to stand for (*Sonata for pianoforte and violin*; Durand, Paris). You may call Tcherepine ultra-modern or revolutionary, for he will have none of the old conventions and traditions. There is a passage in which the right hand plays in arpeggios the chord of the diminished seventh based on A natural, while the left hand has the diminished seventh on D natural, and countless other progressions that may justly be called cacophonous. At the same time, we have only to look through this kind of passage once or twice to realise that it is not the result of a hankering after oddity, but a sincere, if unusual, expression of feeling. The slow movement again shows the kind of fugal writing that might cause concern amongst theorists—were they forced to accept

it. Yet quite apart from its appeal—to which our own sense may respond or not—it is very obvious that blind imitation of the classical fugue is hardly a prospect to inflame the young and ambitious. Must the fugue die as an art-form simply because it reached its noblest expression in the 18th century? Surely it is better to see what a talented composer of our time can do with it if left to his own devices. And Tcherepine has all the qualifications for such an experiment—which is more than I would say for Germaine Tailleferre, whose *Sonata for pianoforte and violin* has been published by Messrs. Durand. That the music reveals a certain talent and countless good intentions is possible. But it is a talent to which the boundless freedom of the present fashion has proved fatal. Perhaps such a phenomenon was to be expected. The first taste of liberty has always proved too potent for people with weak heads. B. V.

ORGAN MUSIC

It is a pleasure to record the publication (Novello) of some important new works by Sigfrid Karg-Elert—a set of Seven Pastels and two Choral Improvisations. The full title of the first-named work is *Seven Pastels from the Lake of Constance* (August, 1921). The pieces are frank programme-music, as will be seen by the titles—'The Nymph of the Lake,' 'Landscape in Mist,' 'The Legend of the Mountain,' 'The Reed-grown Waters,' 'The Sun's Evensong,' 'The Mirrored Moon,' and 'Hymn to the Stars.' The style is that of the composer's early *Three Impressions*, though the effects of dissonance and constantly-shifting harmony are here carried much farther—perhaps a good deal too far for some palates. It will be found, however, that with familiarity, and above all with fluent playing, much that repels on a laboured try-over becomes attractive. In reading, the player naturally boggles at the queer combinations of sounds, and so they stand out from the work and give a wrong impression of the whole. When they are allowed to fall into their right place in the scheme they pass almost unnoticed. A better-founded objection to these pieces would be on the score of over-chromaticism and lusciousness. The composer's title, however, justifies a liberal use of colour.

The Nymph on the Lake may be regarded as an addition to the 'Storm' repertory, for its quiet elusive opening soon gives way to a lengthy section *poco a poco tempestoso*, which develops into a tremendous climax *fff*, *acuta*—a pile of fourths high on the manual over a riotous pedal. There is a reminder of the French *Pedale du tonnerre* a couple of bars before, the low F sharp, G, and A flat being held (*quasi trillo*) during a semiquaver scurry on the manuals. It is a good storm, but is it in the picture suggested by the title, and even more, by the opening page? What has a nymph to do with *feroce*, *tempestoso*, and *acuta fff*'s? The beginning and end of the piece are so delicious that I grudge this furious breaking of the spell.

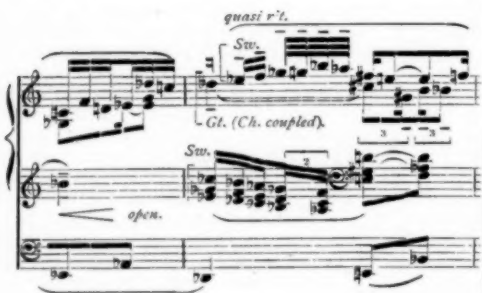
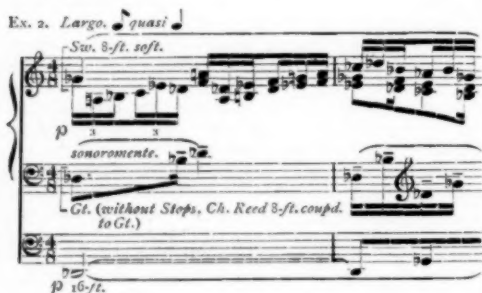
Landscape in Mist, after an appropriately vague opening (*Quieto e indeciso*) gives us a delightful bit of solo on the Pedal 4-ft. flute against a rich background—one of the best of all organ effects, familiar even to pre-Bach composers, yet rarely used by English writers. Here is a bit of this Karg-Elert example:



The right misty atmosphere is maintained throughout, save at one point where it is blown away by a few chords on the Solo reeds.

The Legend of the Mountain opens with a wide-ranging diatonic solo exotically harmonized. The treatment of this theme at the close, with consecutive fifths and sevenths, is fascinating. There is a freakish middle section, ushered in by one of the upward-rushing scales of which Karg-Elert is too fond, though it should be added that he uses them sparingly in these works. In *The Reed-grown Waters* the effect depends largely on constantly changing pace; the harmony is sweet and astringent in turns. There is fine scope here for delicate solo stops.

The Sun's Even-song is richly harmonized, and has a fine climax. The last page (headed 'Epilogo') opens with a truly luscious passage, of which I quote the beginning:



The four-part pedal chord low down on the pedal-board just before the Epilogue may well be played on the manuals an octave higher, seeing that the pitch is of 8-ft. By the way, there are several examples of pedal chords in these pieces; not all are worth the risk involved, and some are merely noisy. The same may be said of most of the pedal shakes, e.g., the series in the middle section of this piece; most of us will prefer the effect of a plain pedal. A new and not quite convincing pedal effect appears at the end of *The Mirrored Moon*:



The direction *indeciso* will describe the state of mind of most players in regard to this passage. A lot will depend on the stop being of just the right power. This piece is decidedly over-restless, and there are far too many notes. The use of the *crescendo* pedal to *ff* and *fff* on page 28 seems ill-advised in a work that is otherwise quiet throughout. Besides, what is a cataclysm, however brief, doing in a picture of moonlight on a lake?

Perhaps the best of the Pastels is the last—*Hymn to the Stars*. It is a glowing piece of writing, and its rhapsodic side is kept well in hand. It has a peroration that may fairly be described as gorgeous. The top F sharp on the Swell (full) is fixed down while the Great and Pedal deliver a pean *fff* with free modulations and daring dashes into remote keys. There is a real thrill in these closing pages. The pictorial intention is of course obvious: we think at once of Dubois's *March of the Three Kings*, with its wedged-down high note to represent the star. But how far the modest scheme of Dubois is left behind will be seen from a brief extract:



Hardly less exciting is the passage beginning in the last bar of page 34, where the theme BACH appears in the pedal under a string of six-four chords which pass through D, C sharp, E, E flat, F sharp, A, and A flat, to a resumption of the opening theme, now in C. The ending, *ppp*, rounds off this highly imaginative work with just the right remote touch.

The Pastels are difficult. They call for fine technique, and even more for a good grasp of unusual harmony

and rhythm. The composer gives very elaborate directions as to registration, a good many of which will not be practicable on English organs. Fortunately the music is generally independent of some of the more bizarre combinations. The main point is that the player must have at his disposal a fair number of delicate stops of contrasted colour. Given these, the registration need cause little trouble. The best proof of this is the fact that whole pages may be played with delightful effect on a pedal pianoforte. Like some of the music itself, the directions as to expression show signs of the extravagance we now expect from Karg-Elert. We have such unusual terms as *luminoso ed argentino, lugubre e negro*, and so on. These flowers of speech, together with certain harmonic tendencies, seem to indicate that Karg-Elert, after being influenced by Grieg (the early works), Debussy, and Strauss (certain pages in the Ten Poetic Tone-Pictures), has since been sitting at the feet of Scriabin. That, however, is a detail. The thing that matters is that here, as elsewhere in his works, he has definitely enlarged the scope of the organ on its expressive side. Whether organists like this music or not they will learn much from it in regard to registration and laying-out. For example, what an eye Karg-Elert has for spacing! These pages abound in progressions that owe most of their effect to the position of the component parts. Differently placed, some of the most delightful would become hideous. This is a commonplace in orchestration and in modern writing for the pianoforte, but the principle is as yet little grasped by organists. One other point. Let the harmony student note Karg-Elert's resourcefulness in treating strings of consecutive dominant sevenths, ninths, and thirteenth. He does not always succeed in persuading us that there are not too many of them, but he has enough surprises in his bag to take us with him most of the time. Yet there are composers of reputation who are content to do little more than slither about in ninths, showing about as much resource in dealing with these consecutives as did Huchbald with his fourths and fifths.

Having written so much about the Pastels, I must be brief concerning the two Choral Improvisations. Each is sub-titled 'Festival Prelude.' The first is on the chorale *Der Hölle Pforten sind zerstört*—a tune sung (in another version) in England to the hymn *Sing praise to God Who reigns above*. The second deals with the tune of *Gelobt sei Gott im höchsten Thron*—one of those chorale melodies that seem to be compounded of phrases taken from other tunes. Both Preludes are full of energy that shows itself by turns in brilliant passage-work, bold harmony, and crashing sledge-hammer chords. Some of the sequential writing must be played rather than looked at. On paper it is trite, but pace and relevance to the text carry it off. The second Prelude opens with a novel effect—a sustained low note on the pedal, with a drum figure at the top of the board, the Great diapasons delivering a typical horn passage *ff*, while the solo Tuba gives out the first line of the chorale. The pedal should be uncoupled, and that is where most English organs will let us down. How many have enough 8-ft. and 16-ft. tone to tell against Great diapasons *ff* and Tuba? Most of us will have to eke it out by coupling up some manual stops. These two brilliant works are worthy additions to Karg-Elert's other essays in the chorale prelude field. The degree of difficulty is that of the bigger numbers in the *Sixty-Six Choral Improvisations*.

H. G.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

Arthur Bliss has hardly left us for America when the Columbia Company puts forth a couple of records of some of his most characteristic music—a timely issue. They give his *Conversations*, five short sketches (originally written for violin, viola, violoncello, flute, and oboe, and now scored for small orchestra), and his gruesome *Madame Noy*, sung by Anne Thursfield, with orchestral accompaniment. Of the five pieces, *The Committee Meeting*, *In the Wood*, *In the Ball-room*, and *Soliloquy* appear on one record, and *In the Tube at Oxford Circus* and *Madame Noy* on the other (12-in. d.s.). The orchestration is so light that the original chamber music character of the music remains. In *The Committee Meeting* only strings are employed. This piece is surely one of the best modern examples of humorous music. I tested its humour by trying it on a musician who had never heard it before, and merely told him the title. In less than a minute he was chuckling, and before the thing was over the chuckle had developed into a roar. There is a pretty touch of sentiment and colour about *In the Wood*. The only one that still leaves me cold is *Soliloquy*—a string of twiddlybits for cor Anglais alone. Its main interest lies in its demonstration of the instrument's possibilities—a beautiful bit of playing. The recording of these is wonderfully good. *Madame Noy* comes off a little less well, because of the difficulty of catching all the words. But as the Columbia Company issues with these Bliss records a leaflet giving a description of the sketches and the words of *Madame Noy*, we are able to make things right. It need scarcely be added that Anne Thursfield is the singer for this kind of song. After Bliss, Holst. His first Suite in E flat, for military band, played by the Grenadier Guards under Lieut. George Miller, has been recorded by the Columbia Company on two 10-in. d.s.—the *Chaconne* and *Intermezzo* on one, the *March* on the other, the remaining side of the latter being filled by Schubert's *Marche Militaire*. I always thought this Schubert piece was poor: heard after the Holst March it seems tamer than ever. There is a fine, broad, folk-songy tune for second subject in Holst's March, and we get a real thrill when it is used as a bass to the jolly opening theme. The Suite is a most stimulating affair. We need more works of the kind. They will soon deal a lusty smack at the desolating operatic fantasias with which our military bands have hitherto defrauded the musical public.

The Grenadier Guards are also recorded playing a selection from *The Beggar's Opera* (Col. 12-in. d.s.)—good, but a trifle heavy-handed and inflexible compared with the *Beggar* and *Polly* records made by small orchestra under Frederic Austin.

Some *Polly* selections, arranged and conducted by Arthur Ketèlbey, are nearer the mark, and fall short of the Austin versions only because the treatment is a little less deft and sparkling (Col. 10-in. d.s.). From H.M.V. comes an excellent record of the *Coriolan* Overture, played by the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald (12-in. d.s.).

An old and lately neglected friend turns up in Delibes's Overture to *Le roi l'a dit*, played by the L.S.O., under Eugène Goossens—a capital record of a tuneful work well worth revival (Col. 12-in. d.s.).

The orchestral and band records issued by *Æ.-Voc.* during the past month are on the light side—selections from *Utopia*, played by the band of the 1st Life Guards (12-in. d.-s.), and from *Madame Butterfly*, played by the Regent Orchestra (12-in. d.-s.), and Percy E. Fletcher's *Folie Bergère* and *Fleurette d'Amour* (10-in. d.-s.), the two latter played by the Regent Orchestra.

The chamber music records are first-rate. I have so far heard nothing better than that of the Flonzaley players in the *Presto* from the Beethoven Quartet in D, Op. 18, No. 3 (H.M.V. 12-in.). We have had to complain so often about the nebulous and apologetic reproduction of chamber music that it is a pleasure to come across one so vividly clear as this. Now we know that there is really no need for the 'cello part to become a murmur from time to time, or for the bottom suddenly to fall out of the texture; we must keep the recorders up to it.

Excellent, too, though a little less definite (partly owing to the character of the music) is the record of the London String Quartet's playing of Nos. 2 and 3 from Frank Bridge's *Three Idylls* (*Æ.-Voc.* 10-in. d.-s.).

The once-neglected viola has now so many friends that there will be a welcome for the *Æ.-Voc.* record of Lionel Tertis playing his own tasteful arrangements of Couperin's *Chanson Louis XIII.*, d'Ambrosio's *Réverie*, and Kreisler's version of Couperin's *Pavane* (10-in. d.-s.).

A pleasant violoncello record is Cedric Sharp's playing of his own *Midsummer Song* and Haydn Wood's *Love in Arcady* (H.M.V. 10-in. d.-s.). W. H. Squire is recorded by Columbia in an expressive melody of Gluck and a poor *Andante Religioso* of Thome. The pianoforte accompaniment in the Gluck is too apologetic. The organ (of course) comes in at the *Coda* of the latter, but though the label says 'organ' the tone says 'harmonium.' The discrepancy may be due to the failure of the gramophone in reproducing the low notes of an organ. Certainly there is no hint here of the diapason tone of a real organ (Col. 12-in. d.-s.).

In the matter of pianoforte records, we naturally pick up the Paderewski sample first. A good sample, too—Chopin's A flat Valse (Op. 42), though some of us would have preferred a less jaded horse of battle (H.M.V. 12-in.).

Mark Hambourg deals rather too strenuously with a Blow Suite and Arne's B flat Sonata; he is better employed in Liszt's D flat Concert Study (H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s.). It is good to find this pleasant old English keyboard music recorded. I am particularly glad to see that our players are discovering Arne. His Sonatas have been available in a cheap edition for a long time—my own copy was bought quite twenty years ago—but they have been curiously neglected.

One flute record has to be noted, a Col. 10-in. d.-s. of Robert Murchie, brilliantly dealing with a Serenade by Woodall, and some old-fashioned, showy variations on *Comin' through the rye*—mere fluff of the ghastliest kind.

There are several choral records of unusual character. The Columbia Company issues two 10-in. d.-s. of Harrow School Songs, sung by a small choir conducted by Dr. Percy Buck—*Forty years on, Stet Fortuna Domus*, *Queen Elizabeth sat one day*, and *When Raleigh rose*. This is a new departure in gramophoning, for the songs matter next to

nothing unless the listener is an old Harrovian. To all such they will matter a great deal.

Two other Columbia records of choral singing give us the Century Quartet (male-voice) performing (a) *Sweet and low*, (b) Hatton's *When evening's twilight*, and (a) *O who will o'er the downs* and (b) *Comrades in arms*, with orchestral accompaniment. Here is surely an error of judgment: such music should be sung unaccompanied. The Barnby and Hatton pieces gain nothing from chiming bells and ripples on the harp. Their sentimental side (already overloaded) merely becomes oppressive. However, it can never be too oppressive for a large section of the public; hence these records and tears.

The treatment of Pearsall's old part-song is quite funny, the 'colour' being supplied by hunting calls on the horn, thus:

O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me ride?

(Toot-toot-too-too-TOOT.)

O who will up and follow me
To win a blooming bride?

(Toot-TOOT-too-too-TOOOOT.)

Why not carry this poverty-stricken, unimaginative method still further, and follow 'ride' with horse-hoof rhythms on the drum, and 'bride' with a snatch of the *Wedding March*? The song is sung rather slowly, and the anthem-like pace and sedate style, combined with the halts for horn calls, badly damages this old favourite. The Quartet itself is above the average, the voices being good and the singing free from those tricks with rhythm that make most performances of the kind so spasmodic as to be both irritating and amusing. I hope to hear these singers recorded with material more worthy of them, and without horns, bells, harps, &c.

The Columbia Light Opera Company is recorded in a selection—labelled weakly 'Vocal Gems'—from *Merrie England* (12-in. d.-s.).

The devout crowds who sit at Elena Gerhardt's feet every time she sings at Queen's Hall may now hear her beautiful singing at any odd time, thanks to the enterprise of the *Æolian-Vocalion* Company, who have just issued a couple of 12-in. records of her performance of Schumann's *Der Nussbaum* and Strauss's *Standchen*. The latter is the better—or at least I think so, perhaps because I prefer the Strauss song to the Schumann. Anyway, both are a delight. Hearing this singing, so effortless (save at one high note in the Strauss song, where we are reminded that Gerhardt made her début a long time ago) and so clean and finished, one wonders why the public will so complacently applaud singers who can produce nothing but wobbling, pinched, and hard tone, with strain in almost every note of it. We badly want a lot of records of an English Gerhardt singing good English songs as Elena sings these in German. (Dorothy Silk comes to mind at once.) Ivor Newton accompanies these songs so well that we don't miss Paula Hegner.

So many vocal records come up for judgment that they must be dealt with runningly: *Caro Nome*, sung by Evelyn Scotney, a capital bit of florid singing (*Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.); Polonaise, 'I am Titania,' from *Mignon*, with Celys Berata very dexterous in her use of a voice deficient in charm—both music and singing leave me frigid (*Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.); *Ah! non creda*, with Lenghi-Cellini at his most lachrymose—Caruso-sobbing all over the place (*Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.); &

(Continued on page 417.)

UNACCOMPANIED PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES

Poem by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI *

Music by JOHN IRELAND

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

With moderate movement

Sustained and earnest

SOPRANO

p We met hand to hand, . . . We clasped hands close and *cres.*

ALTO

p We met hand to hand, . . . We clasped hands close and fast, . . . *cres.*

TENOR

p We met hand to hand, . . . We clasped hands close and *cres.*

BASS

p We met hand to hand, . . . We clasped hands close and *cres.*

With moderate movement. $\text{♩} = 44$

(For practice only)

p *cres.*

mf fast, As close as oak and i - vy stand: . . .

mf . . . As close as oak and i - vy stand: . . . But . . . it is

mf fast, As close as oak and i - vy stand:

mf fast, As close as oak and i - vy stand: . . .

mf *p*

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It is . . . past ; . . . Come day, come night, come day, come
past, it is past ; . . . Come day, come night, come day, come
It is . . . past ; . . . Come day, come night, come day, come
It is past ; . . . Come day, come night, come day, come

night, day . . . comes at last, . . . day . . . comes at
night, day comes at last, . . . day comes at last, . . . at
night, day . . . comes at last, . . . day comes at last, at
night, . . . day comes at last, day comes at

pp *p* *f* *dim.*
 last. We loosed hand from hand, We part-ed face from face: . . .
pp *p* *f* *mf*
 last. We loosed hand from hand, We part-ed face from face: Each
pp *p* *f* *dim.*
 last. We loosed hand from hand, We part-ed face from face: . . .
pp *p* *f* *mf*
 last. We loosed hand from hand, We part-ed face from face: Each

mf *dim.*
 . . . Each went his way to his own land At his own pace, . . .
dim.
 went his way . . . to his own land . . . At his own pace,
mf *dim.* *p*
 . . . Each went . . . to his own land, . . . Each . . .
dim.
 went his way . . . to his own land, . . .
mf *dim.* *p*

p

Each went to fill . . his sep - ar - ate place. . .

p

Each went to fill . . his sep - ar - ate place. . .

went . . to . . fill . . his sep - ar - ate place. . .

p

Each went to his sep - ar - ate place. . .

p *cres.*

If we should meet one day, . . If both should not for -

p *cres.*

If we should meet one day, . . If both should not for -

p *cres.*

If we should meet one day, . . If both should not for -

p *cres.*

If we should meet one day, . . If both should not for -

poco f

- get, We shall clasp hands the ac-cus-tomed way, . . .

poco f

- get, We shall clasp hands the ac-cus-tomed way, . . .

poco f

- get, We shall clasp hands the ac-cus-tomed way, . . .

poco f

- get, We shall clasp hands the ac-cus-tomed way, . . .

p *mf*

So long a-go, . . . We shall clasp

p *mf*

As when we met, . . . So long a-go, We shall clasp

p *mf*

So long a-go, . . . We shall clasp

p *mf*

So long a-go, . . . We shall clasp

p *mf*

hands, . . . As when we met, . . . So long a . . .

hands, . . . As when we met, . . . So long a . . .

hands, . . . As when we . . . met, . . . So . . . long a . . .

hands, . . . As when we met, . . . So

go, as I . . . re - mem - ber yet. . .

go, . . . as I re - mem - ber yet. . .

go, . . . as I re - mem - ber yet. . .

long a - go, as I re - mem - ber yet. . .

(Continued from page 410.)

fine pair of duettists in Kathleen Destournel and Frank Titterton, singing the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore* and Lucontoni's *A Night in Venice*—individually and in balance the voices are first-rate (*E.-Voc.* 12-in. d.-s.); Malcolm McEachern wasting his fine voice on 'The mariner in his barque' (*Maritana*) and Louis Emmanuel's *The Desert*, the latter a dreadful sample of the old-fashioned song-scena (*E.-Voc.* 12-in. d.-s.); Clara Butt in 'Il segreto,' from *Lucrezia Borgia*—the voice far too big for the material; there is something almost comic in this magnificent organ being made to gambol to the trivialities of Donizetti (*H.M.V.* 12-in.); Michele Fleta in 'Te quiero,' from Serrano's *El Trufo de los Tenorios*—a clamant tenor is Fleta, with a pet accomplishment in the holding and diminishing of a long, high note, followed by a delicate, fluttering descent. He does it here, as usual, and (again as usual) it strikes me as being the best part of the show (*H.M.V.* 10-in.); Edna Thornton in *Che farò*—in English—and Dudley Buck's *When the heart is young*. Why do singers risk giving a new lease of life to such inanities as this Buck song? (*H.M.V.* 12-in. d.-s.); Carmen Hill, singing, with not enough of the fitting easeful style and simplicity, Corner's *An Old Sacred Lullaby* and Herbert Hughes's arrangement of *I know where I'm going*. I note with pain that Hughes's final unresolved chord is here made to behave itself. Why? (*H.M.V.* 12-in. d.-s.); Norman Allin in Glinka's *The Midnight Review* and Ketelbey's *Blow, blow, thou winter wind*. I wish this fine singer had chosen a less fussy and pretentious setting of the Shakespeare lyric (*Col.* 12-in. d.-s.); and, last, Edgar Coyle in a couple of *Salt Water Ballads* by Masfield and Keel—*Port of many ships* and *Trade Winds*. I have never heard Mr. Coyle before, but if he can go on recording in this way he ought to be a great success with gramophonists. His voice is sympathetic and musical, and his enunciation first-rate. I am not an encorist in a general way, but I had to stop and order repeats of *Port of many ships*. Rarely has a vocal record struck me more than this simple, direct treatment of a simple song. I repeat my last month's question: if a few singers can let us hear the words, why can't the rest?

I have received a copy of No. 1 of *The Gramophone*, edited by Compton Mackenzie, monthly, sixpence. It is a live and frank journal, strong on the record-reviewing side, with interesting articles and reports of the doings of Gramophone Societies. The publishing office is 48, Hatfield Street, S.E.1, and the Editor (lucky man!) lives on the Isle of Herm, Channel Islands. I hope to say more about it when space allows.

In our paragraph in the May issue concerning the Southwark Diocesan Plainsong Association we slipped in giving the date of the forthcoming Festival as June 9; it takes place on June 7, at 8 o'clock, at Southwark Cathedral. The service book is that issued by the Faith Press for the 1920 Festival; copies, however, are not to be had from the publishers, but from the Association's hon. secretary, Mr. Godfrey Seats, 18, Ballina Street, S.E. 23. A new departure at the forthcoming Festival will be the dropping of the sermon. Instead, the proceedings will open with a brief instruction, by Mr. E. T. Cook, on the singing of the simpler parts of the service.

Church and Organ Music

THE MUSIC TEACHER AND THE R.C.O.

The May issue of the *Music Teacher* devotes six columns to a discussion of the R.C.O.'s sins of omission in the matter of choir-training, lectures, the organist's position, &c. We replied to the original *Music Teacher* article in our April number, and we see no need for many words in answer to this second attack. It consists of a kind of triptych, panel one setting forth our quotations from the first *Music Teacher* article, panel two our reply, and panel three the *Music Teacher's* rejoinder. The rejoinder gives us nothing fresh in the way of evidence or argument, and does little more than paraphrase the original attack on the College. The writer still shows an imperfect realisation of the difficulties of the situation—e.g., speaking of the College's dropping of the choir-training examinations during the war, and its projected revival thereof, he says sharply, 'The war ended in 1918. It is now 1923.' Bless us, so it is! But does our friend find that many departments of life have yet got back to the *ante bellum* condition? Really, he must allow the College authorities to be the best judges as to its ability to resume activities that involve a heavy cost on its exchequer. The R.C.O. is not an endowed institution, it is not a teaching body, and its examinees, compared with those of other Colleges, are a mere handful. The Council may be bursting with ambition and good intentions, but the coat has to be cut according to the cloth, and stacks of 'Wake up, R.C.O.!' articles will not overcome that brutal economic fact. The *Music Teacher* says that the comments on its attack are summed up in the words of one correspondent: 'You have only said what lots of us think.' Similarly, the comments on our defence of the College can be expressed in this sentence from a correspondent: 'Thank you for your answer to the unjust attack on the R.C.O.' So there it is, with precious little in it.

In our April article we said there was a touch of spite in the *Music Teacher* attack. We gladly accept the assurance of the writer that there was no such animus, and we withdraw our comment. Certainly there was, and is, no ill-will on our side. So far from regretting the discussion, we believe it will do good. It has drawn the attention of many organists to a weak spot in their equipment, and it will strengthen the hands of the R.C.O. in its endeavour to make good the deficiency.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

Candidates for the Examinations are informed that balanced swell pedals have been added to the College organ. Either type of swell pedals (balanced or lever) is available at the player's option.

At the Distribution of Diplomas on Saturday, July 21, at 11 a.m., Dr. Bairstow will play upon the College organ the following pieces selected for the Fellowship Examination, January 3, 1924:

- Choral Prelude ... 'Lord Jesus Christ, unto us turn'
(Novello, Bk. 17, p. 26.) J. S. Bach
Toccata on 'Pange Lingua' ... Bairstow
(Augener.)
Andante (from fifth Quintet) (Best's Arrange-
ments, Vol. 3, No. 57)... Mozart
(Novello.)

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

About a hundred members sat down at the annual Dinner on April 28, and a highly enjoyable evening was spent. The president for 1923 (Sir Frederick Bridge) was in the chair. Excellent music (including Schubert's Trio in B flat) was provided by the Misses Callender and Master Kilbey. The president and others referred with justifiable pride to the progress of the Society in regard to membership (it is now the largest body of its kind), to its influence as a component part of the National Union of Organists' Associations, and to the valuable work it is doing not only in London, but in such outlying suburbs as Woodford, Epping, &c. The Society invariably has interesting events in prospect, and some of these arranged for the near future were announced at the dinner. We mention for the benefit of organist-readers who wish to join and don't know how to set about it, that the hon. secretary is Dr. J. Warriner, de Crespigny House, Denmark Hill, S.E. A card to him will bring all particulars.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

At the Musical Festival service on May 12, a programme of notable variety and interest was performed, e.g., Croce's *O Sacrum Convivium*, Morales's *O vos omnes*, Palestrina's *Isti sunt viri sancti*, Anerio's *Christus Factus est*, Vittoria's *Beata quoque agmina* and *O quam gloriosum*, Byrd's Mass for five voices, and settings of *Hosanna to the Son of David* by Weelkes and Gibbons. A couple of instrumental items provided contrast so complete as to be almost startling—Mozart's Quartet for clarinet and strings and Ravel's Quartet. The next Festival will take place on July 7, at 3 o'clock, when there will be a Byrd programme.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CHURCH MUSIC

Arrangements are being made for a School at St. Peter's College, Peterborough, from September 10 to 15. Help in lectures and classes will be given by the Bishop of Peterborough, the Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, the Rev. Maurice Bell, Dr. E. C. Bairstow, Dr. H. G. Ley, Captain Francis Burgess, Messrs. R. H. P. Coleman, Noel Ponsonby, C. Hylton Stewart, Alan May, Harvey Grace, E. G. P. Wyatt, A. S. Warrell, and Martin and Geoffrey Shaw. The hon. secretary, Miss Lascelles, Woodcock, Ash, Surrey, will gladly supply further information.

Good work of a missionary type is being done by the choir of Crouch Hill Presbyterian Church. During the past season it has given concerts at various hospitals and infirmaries, and at Poplar, Stepney, Victoria Docks, Millwall, Lambeth, and Hornsey; also at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road. The programmes are largely made up of folk-songs, and of such jolly part-music as Beale's *Come let us join the roundelay*, Morley's *My bonny lass she smileth*, Festa's *Down in a flowery vale*, Lasso's *Matona, lovely maiden*, &c., with vocal and pianoforte solos of similarly good quality. Mr. Harold Bristol is the conductor. We commend this excellent work to other choirs, too many of whom are never heard outside their own church. No great amount of extra labour is involved, for the same programme can be made to do duty on several occasions.

We usually pass over reports of youthful prodigies in the organ loft, because too little expert evidence is forthcoming as to their capabilities. A youngster has only to play a simple service, followed by a brief adventure among the fancy stops, in order to call forth peans in the local press, with a picture of the culprit. But we hear of a youth, George Stone, aged thirteen and a-half, who has just played a recital at All Saints', Southampton, and whose ability is vouched for by a reliable witness. He played a couple of Bach works (the programme is not clear as to which), Saint-Saëns's *Fantaisie*, Alcock's *Fantasy*, &c., besides accompanying some violoncello solos. He did it all (we are told) 'with marked ability and natural expression.' As George does this after only eighteen months' instruction, a good deal may be expected of him. We hope he will work hard and remain modest.

Dr. Vaughan Williams's *Mass* in G minor was finely sung in St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Newcastle, on May 5 by the Bach Choir, numbering forty-two voices and conducted by the composer, and Dr. Whittaker conducted performances of a *Mass* and motets by William Byrd. Dr. A. C. Tysoe was the organist, and played Preludes on Welsh tunes by Dr. Vaughan Williams, and a Prelude on *Vexilla Regis* and a Toccata-Prelude on *Pange Lingua* by Dr. E. C. Bairstow. Under the auspices of the Organists' and Church Musicians' Union a recital of Bach's solo cantatas was given on April 14, Dr. W. G. Whittaker giving explanatory information. The chief features were *He calleth all His sheep*, *As yet hath ye asked nothing*, and *Behold we go up to Jerusalem*.

The organ in Riddings Parish Church, near Alfreton, Derbyshire, has lately been rebuilt and enlarged by Messrs. Blackett & Howden, organ builders, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, at a cost of £1,300. On Sunday afternoon, April 29, a recital was given by Dr. George P. Allen, organist of Mansfield Parish Church, assisted by Miss Winifred Dove (vocalist), of Sutton-in-Ashfield, when the attendance was so good that many were unable to gain admission. The collection amounted to £218 6s. 5d.

Brahms's *Requiem* had an excellent performance at Hertford Parish Church on May 3, by the East Herts Musical Society, choir and orchestra (strings and drums) numbering a hundred and twenty. Mr. W. J. Comley conducted, and Mr. B. D. Hylton Stewart was at the organ. The *Requiem* was preceded by Handel's second Concerto for organ and orchestra. The church was crowded.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the Liverpool Church Choir Association shows a loss of £55 on the Festival held in November last, making a deficit of £119 on the two Festivals held since the war. The committee, however, has resolved to continue the Festival in the hope that when the present trade depression is past it may receive adequate financial support.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have recently erected an organ in the Hamlet Free Church, Liverpool—a three-manual of forty-five stops, a few of which are at present only prepared for.

Mr. Walter Lockwood has just completed fifty years' service as organist at Woodlesford Parish Church, and present and past members of the congregation showed their appreciation by presenting him with an address and cheque.

For the nineteenth year Mr. Herbert Hodge has been appointed organist to the Great Priory of England and Wales—one of the higher orders of Freemasonry.

RECITALS

- Mr. A. N. Bulmer, All Saints', Hertford—Passacaglia, *Bach*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*; Postlude in D, *Smart*.
 Mr. W. J. Comley, All Saints', Hertford—Prelude in B minor, *Bach*; Psalm-Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*.
 Mr. A. E. Howell, Trowbridge Parish Church—'Jig' Fugue, *Bach*; 'Pilgrim's Progress' (Part 1), *Austin*; Spozalizio, *List*.
 Mr. Fred Gostelow, Luton Parish Church—First movement (Sonata in F minor), *Rheinberger*; Sonata in D, *Mozart*.
 Mr. D. G. Rogers, All Saints', Hertford—Chorale No. 3 and Pastoral, *Frank*; Legend, *Grace*; Psalm-Prelude, *Howells*; Two Sketches, *Schumann*.
 Mr. Philip Miles, Holy Trinity, Gray's Inn—Psalm-Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; Fugue, *Reubke*.
 Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—Marche Héroïque, *Saint-Saëns*; Arabesque in E, *Debussy*; Fantasia and Toccata, *Stanford*.
 Mr. G. D. Cunningham, St. Paul's, Portman Square—Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Frank*; Fantasia on 'Hanover,' *Lemare*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierni*; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. John Pullein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Sonata in B flat minor, *Rheinberger*; Allegretto in B minor, *Vierne*; Meditation, *Bairdston*; Adagio and Finale (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*.

Mr. Percy J. Fry, Trowbridge Parish Church—Concerto in B flat, *Handel*; Prière and Choral, *Jongen*; Kieff Processional, *Moussorgsky*.

Mr. R. J. Pitcher, St. James's, Muswell Hill—Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Allegro, *Mozart*; Finale (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*.

Mr. J. E. R. Senior, Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Glasgow—Allegro Marziale, *Frank Bridge*; Berceuse and Finale from 'The Fire Bird,' *Stravinsky*; Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

Dr. C. F. Waters, St. John the Evangelist, Upper Norwood—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Harwood*.

Mr. T. Newbould, St. Paul's, Halifax—Choral No. 3, *Frank*; Elegy and Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' *Bairdston*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Psalm-Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; Evocation à la Chapelle Sixtine, *Liszt*; Introduction and Fugue (Sonata No. 12), *Rheinberger*.

Mr. Godfrey Sceats, St. Lawrence Jewry—Carillon and Arabesque, *Vierne*; Sonata, *Karg-Elert*; Choral Preludes by *Keger* and *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. A. E. Howell, Trowbridge Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in D and Andante from Trio-Sonata No. 4, *Bach*; Pastorale, *Frank*; Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. E. W. Chaney, Gillingham Parish Church—Feria Pentecostes, *Saint-Saëns*; Preludes on 'Martyrdom' and 'St. Cross,' *Parry*; Funeral March, *Grieg*; 'Finlandia,' *Miss Ada Petherick*, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude on 'Ein feste Burg,' *Bach*.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Sonata in A minor, *J. A. van Eyken*; Fugue in G in 12/8 time, *Bach*; Air with Variations in A, *Best*.

Mr. Frederick W. Large, Camden Parish Church, Camberwell—Rhapsody No. 3, *Saint-Saëns*; Idyll (Sonata No. 18), *Rheinberger*; 'Finlandia.'

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Stainton de B. Taylor, organist and choirmaster, Great George Street Congregational Church, Liverpool.

Mr. Leslie Woodgate, organist and choirmaster, The Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, Maitland Park, N.W., and assistant-organist, St. Luke's, Chelsea.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Wanted, to complete dance quartet, jazz drummer and clarinet or cornet. Must be in or near Acton district.—R. F. C., 234, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.6.

Young lady pianist would like to meet violinist or singer, with view to weekly practice. Classical and modern songs, &c., only.—Write 'PIANIST,' 7, Bartlett's Terrace, Rockmount Road, Plumstead, S.E.18.

Gentleman, good pianist and accompanist, fair bass singer, wants mutual practice, or would like to join amateur operatic society. S.W. London.—Write, St. Nicholas Road, S.W.17.

Amateur violinist wishes to meet other instrumentalist for mutual practice.—F. C., c/o *Musical Times*.

Tenor desires to meet a good accompanist (young gentleman) for mutual practice; Crystal Palace district.—K., 27, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.

Soprano would like to meet good pianist for mutual practice.—Write, Miss LARGE, 10, Amity Road, West Ham, E.15.

Chamber music enthusiasts (violinist and pianist) invite co-operation of competent violin, viola, and cello players. All string combinations, also pianoforte trios, quartets, and quintets. Large library includes classics and all important moderns. Sunday visitors particularly welcome.—EDWARD W. ORGAN, 28, Vicarage Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Violinist (male, aged twenty-four) would like to meet good pianist for mutual practice on classics.—M. C., c/o *Musical Times*.

Viola player, really good, wishes to join string quartet.—'Phone, Putney 3185, any morning.

Lady accompanist wishes to get into touch with vocalist, violinist, or glee party, for mutual practice. Croydon district.—C. T., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young gentleman, experienced dance pianist, would like to join amateur dance or concert orchestra. Bradford (Yorks.) district.—H. N., c/o *Musical Times*.

Wanted, by dance orchestra, a first-class violinist (amateur lady or gentleman) as leader, for Saturday evenings and occasional week-nights. North-East London area.—R. E. W., c/o *Musical Times*.

Guilford district. It is proposed to form a musical club in this locality for mutual practice, discussion, social intercourse, concerts, lectures, recitals, &c. All interested please write secretary, Miss MUNRO, 21, Sydenham Road, Guildford.

Clarinet and saxophone player wanted to complete small orchestra.—F. J. T., 486, Green Street, E. 31.

Letters to the Editor

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ELIZABETHAN COMPOSERS ON PURCELL

SIR,—May I comment as shortly as possible on the chief points raised by Dr. Froggatt in his last letter about Purcell and the Elizabethan composers?

I. Dr. Froggatt writes: 'The imitation commencing on each successive beat is surely not characteristic of Elizabethan . . . composers, but is to be met with in every century since the invention of counterpoint.'

In my letter I said nothing about imitation on each successive beat. I said that in the anthem *O Lord God of Hosts* Purcell used his voices in such a way that the bar-lines have to be ignored altogether. The word accents supersede the bar accents. I quote here three bars (to save space I am using four only of the eight voices):

1ST TREBLE.

call up-on Thy Name, O let us live, and TREBLE.

let us live and we shall call up-on Thy Name, 1ST TENOR.

and we shall call up-on Thy Name, O 1ST BASS.

and we shall call up-on Thy Name, and

and we shall call up-on Thy &c.

O let us live and &c.

let us live. &c.

we shall call up-on Thy Name,

The word accents here fall on *call, Name, and live*; sometimes they coincide with the bar accents, sometimes they do not. Anyone who knows even a little about Elizabethan composers is aware that they used word accents in this way. They ignored bar accents because they had not got bars. When Purcell does the same thing it is not a proof, but it is a reasonable inference, that he was influenced by their technique. If Dr. Froggatt really thinks that this sort of writing is to be 'met with in every century since the invention of counterpoint' he should give examples of the similar treatment of short phrases by Bach and Handel. I know of only one instance of Handel even remotely approaching this method of writing, and that is the Amen Chorus in *The Messiah*. Some 18th-century English Church composers did do this sort of thing, but then they were influenced by Elizabethan composers; indeed, they were trying to copy them.

2. Dr. Froggatt admits that Elizabethan composers frequently concluded a composition with a 4 3 2 3 suspension, but says that more frequently they did not.

If they frequently did, then this ending is characteristic of Elizabethan composers. When Purcell uses it, it is reasonable to infer that he is influenced by them. As a side issue Dr. Froggatt says that he 'fancies' that more often than not they adorned this ending with 6 5 4 5, that is, that they finished with two parts moving in thirds or sixths. That is merely Dr. Froggatt's fancy; in actual fact they did not often use this rather weak ending.

3. Dr. Froggatt finds that Purcell's anthem, *Hear my prayer*, is not one big phrase.

One big impulse is perhaps better. The music moves towards its climax continually: at no point in the anthem could a pause be made or a double bar inserted. Dozens of Elizabethan anthems by Byrd and others show this same continuity of movement. The one thing that is most typical of all Restoration Church music is its lack of continuity. Composers of this period used short contrasted sections instead of continuity of movement. When Purcell writes an anthem in a style not typical of his period, but typical as to impulse and movement of the Elizabethan period, it is at least possible that he does so because he is influenced by Elizabethan composers.

4. Dr. Froggatt says that the omission of the third from the final chord is not an Elizabethan touch.

Elizabethan composers sometimes omitted the third from their last chord when writing in a minor key. They did not do it often, but they did it more often than composers of the Restoration period. When Purcell omits it in *Hear my prayer*, as he does, there is at least ground for suggesting that he was adopting the manner of the earlier period.

5. Dr. Froggatt says that his confusing Parsons with Byrd does not alter the argument.

What argument? I repeat that the point of interest in the Tenbury MS. is that Purcell scored a composition by Parsons and barred it with bars of unequal length. Dr. Froggatt missed this point at the lecture and omitted it from his letter. It is a strong and, perhaps, conclusive proof that Purcell understood the technique of the Elizabethan composers.—Yours, &c.,

HEATHCOTE D. STATHAM.

St. Michael's College, Tenbury.

May 4, 1923.

'WE WANT TO HEAR THE ORCHESTRA'

SIR,—I was delighted with Mr. Lorenz's outburst in the *Musical Times* last month over the encore episode at the Beecham concert at the Royal Albert Hall on April 8. 'Queens of Song,' 'Great Divas,' &c., are undoing the fine work that people like Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham are spending their lives in—the task of educating the country musically, of lifting it beyond that persistent adoration of the lowest form of music, the mawkish drivel that is often in a lower category than jazz or ragtime.

The enormous sporting public would not for a moment tolerate inferior cricket being played at Lord's, yet concert-goers permit our chief concert-halls to resound with music of the lowest order.

In spite of much that is said to the contrary, I consider that concert audiences show a hopeless lack of discrimination. Give them Tosti's *Good-Bye*, and they are perfectly satisfied. It is a long and wearying task to bring about the appreciation of the more worthy. Then, when this work is well-nigh successfully done, they get a taste of their old love, and, like a reformed drunkard, back they fly to their favourite beverage. The following well illustrates this point. An acquaintance of mine has recently expended £50 on an excellent gramophone. She has about twenty records, all of them by well-known 'Queens of Song,' and she writes to say that her favourite record is *The Holy City*, sung by one of them, and accompanied by brass band—and this from one who calls herself a music-lover.

I suppose the coming opera season will plunge us into the throes of the 'prima-donna' mania, and the evening papers, in commenting upon the previous night's opera, will give us a great deal of information as to how the 'great diva' overcame the effects of a London fog, or collected a little Floral Street mud on her shoes through presenting autograph copies of the *Jewel Song* to her dear friends in the gallery queue, but hardly a word about the merits of the opera or the manner in which it was rendered, except, of course, that the 'diva' was perfect in all respects.

A most striking object-lesson occurred on the last night of the last opera season. The audience greeted Frank Mullings and Florence Austral in *Aida* with moderate applause compared with the fifteen-minute uproar which followed the appearance of Melba in *La Bohème*.

Without drawing any comparisons, I say again that audiences cannot discriminate. Having been well primed by the propagandists, they were merely doing as they were told. Hero-worship is an excellent thing, but only if you make sure of your hero.

What a strange public it is that takes such a performance as that of Frank Mullings as Tristan as a matter of course (if it knows of its existence) and yet greets with rapturous applause a Queen of Song booming forth *Home, sweet Home* to the accompaniment of a brass band and grand organ.—Yours, &c.,

SAMUEL GARTON.

18, Beverley Road, S.W.13.

May 13, 1923.

SIR,—History repeats itself. It may be interesting to your correspondent, Mr. Robert Lorenz, to know that a 'scene' similar to that which occurred at the Albert Hall on April 8 took place exactly a hundred years ago.

In 'Professor' Ella's book, *Musical Sketches at Home and Abroad* (3rd Ed., 1878, p. 50), reference is made to the first Musical Festival held in York Minster, in 1823, under the direction of Greatorex, conductor of the Concerts of Antient Music. Ella complains that 'much confusion arose from the neglect of details in the organization of the 285 vocalists and 180 instrumentalists engaged'; and then proceeds:

'Shortly before the commencement of an evening concert it was discovered that a parcel expected from London with duplicate parts of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, for the stringed instruments, had not arrived. In this dilemma, it was agreed that the Symphony should be omitted. No sooner, however, did Miss D. Travis begin with the Scotch ballad, "O, Charlie is my darling," than a general murmur arose among the audience, and one of the stewards, with a stentorian voice, lustily called, "Symphony; none of your darlings, we can hear them any day in Yorkshire. I insist upon the Symphony being played." Appeal, explanation, or excuse was in vain, and at last the Symphony was scrambled through, with six or eight to a part. Moraled, and every musician, stimulated by the good taste of the steward, played his part with zeal and unflinching spirit.'

The gentleman who then rose to the occasion was Mr. F. Maude, of Wakefield, Recorder of Doncaster.—Yours, &c.,

Kilburn Vicarage, York.

H. A. K. HAWKINS.

May 12, 1923.

THE BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY'S BULLETIN

SIR,—Will you allow me the opportunity for replying to the criticisms levelled at the February *Bulletin* of the British Music Society in the current issue of the *Musical Times*?

Your contributor, under the heading 'Occasional Notes,' devotes nearly two columns to censure of the *Bulletin* for its 'recommendation of a thoroughly bad book.' Whether any book is or is not thoroughly bad must surely be to some extent a matter of personal opinion, but in any case its mere inclusion, *without comment*, in a list of forthcoming publications in no way affects those review columns which your contributor tells us 'leave a good deal to be desired.'

After all, our readers were only given the opportunity (which apparently your contributor swiftly seized) to read the book if they wished. We should be interested to know whether the author considers the *M.T.*'s censure or our own bald statement the better advertisement.—Yours, &c.,

THE EDITOR
3, Berners Street,
London, W.1. (*British Music Society's Bulletin*).
May 7, 1923.

[Our two columns were devoted, not to censure of the *Bulletin*, but to proving our statement that the book under discussion was bad. Our correspondent holds that the badness of a book is a matter of opinion. If the alleged badness be on the score of style or argument, we agree. But when a book bristles with mis-statements and typographical errors, its badness is a matter of fact, not of opinion. The Editor of the *Bulletin* says that the book was merely included, *without comment*, in a list of forthcoming publications. But the comment was in capitals at the head of the list, and it told the *Bulletin* readers, emphatically, that the works mentioned were books 'to be looked out for.' Does the *Bulletin* still think that Mr. Broadley Greene's book is one they should 'look out for'? We may add that, so far from 'swiftly seizing' the opportunity for reading the book as a result of the *Bulletin* list, we had already dipped into it, and had decided that no good purpose would be served by reviewing it. When, however, we saw the *Bulletin* recommending its readers to 'look out' for it, we felt bound to protest. Our correspondent implies that our protest gave the book a good free advertisement. We take the risk cheerfully. People who will buy the book after reading our extracts from it will buy anything.—EDITOR.]

PAST ORGANISTS OF ST. PETER'S, BROCKLEY

SIR,—The authorities of St. Peter's, Brockley, are desirous of placing on the walls of the Choir Music Room photographs of past organists. We have one of my immediate predecessor, Dr. C. J. Frost, but we are unable to get in touch with anyone possessing photographs of Henry Gadsby or of William Hodge.

If any of your readers could lend us these to be copied we should be very grateful.—Yours, &c.,

8, Wellmeadow Road,
Lewisham, S.E. 13.
April 24, 1923.

G. H. HEATH GRACIE
(Organist and Choirmaster,
St. Peter's, Brockley).

HANDEL'S BORROWINGS

SIR,—Mr. L. C. Martin and the readers of his article, 'Sleepers, wake and the Hallelujah Chorus,' in your May issue, may be glad to be reminded that the works attributed to Erba, Urlo, and Stradella, respectively, are believed by some to be Handel's own compositions, written 1707-00.

Not a few reviewers of my book *Handel and his Orbit* (Sherratt & Hughes, 1908) thought that I had pretty conclusively proved Handel's authorship. Among some well-known names I mention Mr. Ernest Newman, inasmuch as he expressed his view again in his notes to a Hallé Concert Society's programme. In a short article on Handel in Harmsworth's *Universal Encyclopedia*, Dr. Ernest Walker refers his readers to the *Life* by Rockstro, the *Life* by Streatfeild (1909), and *Handel and his Orbit*, as the three English authorities. Mr. Streatfeild gave me his support, and, in fact, I am not aware that any scholar has written since 1908 in defence of non-Handelian authorship. Handel

borrowings from other works were of course regarded as quite open.—Yours, &c.,

P. ROBINSON.

61, Clyde Road, West Didsbury,
Manchester.

May 3, 1923.

PIETRO A. YON

SIR,—Might I suggest through your columns that an agent arrange a series of recitals in various parts of the country by one of America's most brilliant organists, Pietro A. Yon, of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and hon. organist of the Vatican, Rome, the sole recipient of that distinction? He is one of the most successful recitalists in the States. He visits his native Italy every summer, so would be available either on the forward or return journey.—Yours, &c.,

Stapleton, Bristol.

ARTHUR G. COLBORN.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of June 1, 1863:

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Madame Puzzi's annual morning concert, which took place on May 15, was attended by a very fashionable audience. The principal feature on this occasion was the appearance of the youthful pianist, Master Willie Pape, who has recently met with great success in America. His age does not exceed thirteen years, but he is a man in intelligence and genius, and he plays like a well-educated and accomplished artist. The concert was rendered attractive by a numerous list of Italian performers, and the music was well selected, and performed in excellent style.

OXFORD.—The Rev. H. E. Havergal, M.A., Vicar of Cople, has been appointed examiner in music in the University of Oxford.

PARIS.—We learn that a concert, under the patronage of the English Ambassador, was recently given in the Salle Erard, by the members of the English Choral Society, in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. The selection consisted of songs, glees, and choruses, the principal performers being Miss Stuart, Miss Sumpter, Mr. Jervis, and Mr. Hart. Mr. Hart conducted, and the accompaniments were admirably played by Mr. Litchfield. It is remarkable that this was the first English concert ever given at Paris by a choral society.

Sharps and Flats

Listening to the average contralto on the gramophone is like entering a harbour in a fog.—F. Sharp, in 'The Gramophone.'

The most polite thing I can say about modern composers is that they are experimental. The Spartans let their children see the state of intoxicated persons, in order to inculcate in them a horror of drunkenness. It is in that spirit that I give you the works of these very modern composers.—John B. McEwen.

Suddenly the organ was silent, and from far down the sunlit nave came the clear voices of the choristers and the deeper tones of the lay clerks joining in the familiar and cherished strains of *Lead, kindly Light*. It was a thrilling moment, and one worthy of the musical traditions with which the Royal Majesty of England has for centuries been surrounded.—Daily paper, report of the Royal Wedding.

Appropriate music was played on the organ by Mr. G. F. satin with pearl trimming. . . . The bride was becomingly attired in white Goods. Her train was that on Earth do dwell. The hymns sung were All people of silver lace.—Suburban paper, report of plebeian wedding.

In technical knowledge of counterpoint, I cannot tell a hawk from a handsaw without several good looks at it.—Stewart Wilson.

I have just heard a cuckoo sing a minor third, from G flat down to E flat. This is wrong. All cuckoos are supposed to sing major thirds when they come here in the spring. This to show joy.—*Charles T. Corke.*

I also have heard the cuckoo this year singing a minor third (instead of a major third), and it has had the effect of depressing me, as I feel the summer must be going instead of coming.—*Mildred d'Avigdor.*

There is nothing wrong with this year's cuckoo, even if he is singing a minor third. *A Cyclopedic Dictionary of Music*, by Ralph Dunstan, states: 'When the cuckoo first comes to us (about the end of April) its cry is the interval of a minor third. As time passes the upper note sharpens, and it becomes a major third. Later the interval changes to a fourth, or even a fifth.'—*David McBain.*

It is often made a grievance against me that I am not sufficiently enthusiastic over the work of the average young composer. I must plead guilty. Average work of any kind does not interest me. My tastes are modest and simple: give me the best of everything and you can keep the rest. I would walk ten miles to see Cleopatra or Helen of Troy, but I protest against the notion that every plain Mary Ann or frumpish Elizabeth Jane I may pass in Tottenham Court Road is entitled to five minutes of my respectful and admiring gaze.—*Ernest Newman.*

I am naturally left-handed, and if I could only have been tactfully introduced to that accursed bass clef, I might have enjoyed music long before I did . . . To this day, when I can read by sight quite complicated passages in the treble, I have to spell out the bass with as much difficulty as I used to spell it out then.—*Compton Mackenzie.*

There is always a hope that the great English opera has come at last. . . . Surely some composer, some day, will respond to what is almost a national demand. But he must not appeal to our minds, but to our hearts. And he must want to make us cry.—*Hannen Swaffer.*

When a performer has interpreted a piece artistically, the audience should show its appreciation by applause. Many a musician values this far more than monetary recompense, and to deprive him of such a cheap satisfaction through laziness or through indifference is far from being fair.—*J. de S. Wijeyaratne*, on 'Musical Etiquette.'

We have been talked down to by the Germans, patronised by the Italians, and laughed at by the French for long enough in matters operatic, and it is time we took our operatic destinies away from the fashionable clique on the one hand and dividend-grabbing theatrical interests on the other, and gave the people what they want—*opera in English*.—*Robert Radford.*

All sorts of hymns are sung, but we find that the rhythm of rag-time tunes delights the simple mind of the savage, and appeals to his tom-tom-trained mind.—*President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A course of four lectures on the 'History of Music' were given by Dr. Frederick G. Shinn at Duke's Hall, on Wednesday afternoons during May. In the first three, the lecturer described the rise and progress of the Russian school of music, vocal and instrumental illustrations being selected from the works of Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Glazounov. The fourth lecture dealt with English music, with illustrations from chamber music by J. B. McEwen and Arnold Bax.

A meeting of the R.A.M. Club was held on Saturday, May 26. The programme of music included a selection of madrigals by Byrd and Weelkes, sung by the Oriana Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, and vocal and instrumental solos were contributed by Miss Dorothy Helmrich and Mr. Harold Craxton respectively.

The Parepa-Rosa Scholarship (singing) has been awarded to Miss Elsie M. Black (Glasgow), Miss Hazel E. I. Underdown being highly commended. The adjudicators were Miss Ethel Bilsland, Miss Mary T. Wilson, and Mr. Frederick Keel (chairman).

Three John Stokes Scholarships have been awarded, viz., to: Mr. Andrew E. Bruce (Halifax), Mr. Arthur E. Fear (Blaina, Mon.), and Mr. Alfred E. Lucock (London). The adjudicators were Mr. Henry Beauchamp, Mr. Marcus Thomson, and Mr. Frederic King (chairman).

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Three Patron's Fund rehearsals were arranged this Term, at 10 a.m. on Thursdays, May 17, 31, and June 28, the first and third being for executive artists and conductors, and the second for composers (new works).

The recitals given in the concert-hall have become a corporate part of College life, and there are to be four this Term—two for pianoforte, one for organ and songs, and one for violin and pianoforte. As a final step before general public work, the value to young artists of these recitals cannot be overrated.

A Ballet by a college student, Mr. Greaves, is in process of rehearsal.

Private dress rehearsals in the Opera Theatre will be of unusual interest. *Daphnis and Chloe* is to be given again, and Arnold Bax's *The Garden of Fand*. M. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The inaugural address of the summer term was delivered by Sir Wilfrid Collet, ex-Governor of British Guiana, &c., and a former student of the College. Sir Wilfrid took for his subject 'The Reminiscences and Reflections of a Wanderer returned.' He referred to musical life in the Pacific, and gave an amusing narrative of various musical performances, by whites and by natives, that he had attended or taken part in, in New Caledonia, Fiji, and Hawaii, also in British Honduras, and Cyprus. Commenting on his early days at the College, Sir Wilfrid stated that it was due to the persistence of that institution that the London University inaugurated degrees in music.

An interesting and much appreciated lecture-recital was given by Dr. Pearce, assisted by Messrs. L. Pecsikai and L. Lebell, on 'The Modern use of Ancient Material in Present-day Chamber Music.'

The usual fortnightly students' concerts, together with a special chamber music concert, fully maintained the popularity of these functions.

The College Orchestra again provided the music on the occasion of Presentation Day of the University of London, when two College students, William Lovelock and George M. Moore, were 'presented' for their Mus. B. degree.

The musical achievements of one of the College students certainly merit mention. This student, Miss Elga Collins, at the Stratford and East London Musical Festival won a third prize for pianoforte playing, a second prize for elocution, and an Honours Certificate in solo singing; at the Croydon Musical Festival her record was a first for 'cello playing, a second for pianoforte playing, a second for elocution, and an Honours Certificate for solo singing.

A number of distributions of certificates at centres for the College local examinations were held during the month, including Hastings and London. At the last named, the occasion was graced by the presence of The Lady Patricia Ramsay, who was accompanied by her husband, Capt. the Hon. Alexander Ramsay.

The following appointments of visiting examiners are announced:

Australia: Mr. C. Egerton Lowe and Mr. Charles Schilsky (who also examines in Tasmania).
New Zealand, &c.: Mr. Albert Mallinson and Mr. George F. Vincent.
South Africa: Dr. C. Edgar Ford and Mr. Edward d'Evry.
India, &c.: Dr. Alfred Mistowski.
South America: Sir Frederic Cowen.
West Indies: Dr. E. F. Horner.

LONDON CENTRE

An immense gathering assembled at Central Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday afternoon, May 2, for the annual distribution of awards gained at the local examinations last December. Princess Helena Victoria had

consented to preside, but was prevented owing to serious indisposition. Upwards of four hundred awards were presented, by The Lady Patricia Ramsay, including Exhibitions granted by the College to Jacqueline Townshend, Phyllis Grover, Sydney W. Smith, and Norman W. G. Tucker, who with Marguerite Caseau, Silver Medalist, gave vocal and instrumental items in a very creditable manner. Dr. John Warriner (chairman) in his introductory remarks referred to the College extension and the work of the institution, and Dr. C. W. Pearce (Director of Studies) drew special attention to the necessary study and perfection of Elocution, for which local examinations were now held.

The secretary of the Centre (Mr. Lester Jones) stated that candidates had increased by twenty-six per cent. in two years; that London had secured four Exhibitions in 1922, a proportion unequalled by any other Centre; and that Princess Helena Victoria had consented for an Exhibition to be offered in her name.

Sir Frederick Bridge, in proposing a cordial vote of thanks to The Lady Patricia Ramsay, also expressed his own regret and that of his colleagues at the illness of Princess Helena Victoria, whose thoughtfulness on behalf of the College had secured for them on that occasion the presence of The Lady Patricia. He went on to observe that the work of the College had grown to such an extent that Centres now existed in India and even in the Fiji Islands. In time, said Sir Frederick, a Centre would doubtless find its way to the top of Mount Everest.

The Lady Patricia in a few well-chosen words expressed pleasure on behalf of herself and of her husband—who had so little opportunity for attending such interesting functions—and said that she had spent a happy and pleasant time at the distribution.

Dr. E. F. Horner (Director of Examinations) proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Warriner for presiding, and Dr. Creser supported.

Opera in London

'THE PERFECT FOOL' AT COVENT GARDEN

The production of Holst's opera, *The Perfect Fool*, made the opening night of the British National Opera Company's season an event of outstanding importance. It was very evident that great care had been taken to ensure a good performance as well as an adequate presentation. The latter was the work of Mr. Oliver Bernard, who devised the stage setting, and Mr. Paget Bowman, who 'produced.' The former was under the direction of Mr. Eugène Goossens. As the opera itself is fully described elsewhere in this issue, it is only necessary to give a few impressions of its effect in the theatre.

It seems a pity that a ballet so carefully prepared as that which opens the opera should be performed in semi-darkness, but the story does not leave so much discretion as to the hour of the occurrence as it does in the matter of period. It is night, and dancers, like cats, are grey (*la nuit tous les chats sont gris*), except when they represent fire. Then the scene becomes brilliant. It is dominated by a huge trillion which is not quite sufficiently rough-hewn to be prehistoric, and suggests that our stone-age ancestors were left in peace long enough to improve their skill. Behind it the hill-side, cleverly lighted, gives to any figure approaching from that direction the sharp outline of a silhouette. It is very impressive. There is only the Wizard to warn us that the story, like his hat, has a point to it. But the scene between him and the Mother soon strikes the note of high comedy prescribed by the librettist, after which the atmosphere is established so far as the author permits. It must, however, be confessed that it still continues to rival, in mood, the weather through

which we have been passing. I am not sure to what extent this is Holst's intention. It struck me at moments that some of the comedy was not very high, and that its occasional descents exaggerated the variability of mood. However, in the case of a new work, the man in front can only guess.

The singing was not only on the whole good, but it was unusually well suited to the characters. It would be difficult to suggest an alternative for Mr. Robert Parker as the Wizard, for he has the right diction for incantations, imprecations, and invective, in which the part abounds. And the rich quality of Miss Edna Thornton's voice gave the right touch of dignity to the part of the Mother. As for Miss Maggie Teyte, from her first appearance as *Mélisande*, she has always been a Princess—except when she was a Mozartian jackanapes—so there was no difficulty in accepting her as one. It was amusing to hear her metaphorically wipe the floor with Mr. Walter Hyde, the Troubadour, who took it all in good part; and Mr. Frederick Collier, attired as Wotan, but with both eyes in commission, had only to be the sound Wagnerian he has proved himself on other occasions. In fact, this bit of operatic burlesque was brilliantly performed by all concerned, not excluding the Troubadour's retainers with their Rossinian patter. As a body the chorus earned warm praise throughout, but especially in the unaccompanied crowd-scene which occurs towards the end. One of the most charming moments of the evening was the singing of Misses Doris Lemon, Florence Ayre, and Gladys Leathwood in the round of the water-carriers.

A major share of the credit must go to Mr. Eugène Goossens. It is all very well to be a virtuoso as a conductor, but Holst's rhythmic problems allow no respite. The slightest hesitation would be fatal. Goossens is a helpful conductor. He is more liberal than most in the giving of cues, and must have been a comfort to those whose nerves were affected by the occasion. The result he obtained was almost without a blemish. I can recall only one point which did not seem quite clear. The Fugal Overture went well, but I do not believe that it had the attention it deserved from the audience, which the mystery surrounding the opera had worked up to a pitch of expectation that was not helpful to anything that happened before the rise of the curtain.

As for the reception of the opera, and what it denotes for the future, it is difficult to express an opinion. The audience was a highly specialised one, and not really representative of opera-goers as a body. I had the impression that the enthusiasm was greatest where the specialists were gathered, and tended to become less as it reached the general public. In the course of theatrical experience we acquire a kind of sixth sense which discriminates between the constituents of success and detects shades of feeling. To me it conveyed a certain misgiving whether the scene between the Wizard and the Mother was not too long for the gallery, although apparently enjoyed by the stalls. It remains to be seen whether a truly popular audience will swallow it whole. But of the general appreciation of this first-night audience there cannot be much doubt. All the comment heard on leaving the theatre was of the same colour.

E. E.

We are sorry to hear that the open-air concerts and performances of plays and opera organized by the League of Arts will have to be abandoned this year, owing to new regulations of H.M. Office of Works.

MARIONETTE OPERA

At the Scala Theatre the puppet company of the Teatro dei Piccoli has during the month put upon the boards (or shall we say dangled over them) two more operas, making, together with a curtain-raiser selection of clever puppet 'stunts', an excellent evening's entertainment.

The first of these is César Cui's *Puss in Boots*, which the composer wrote for his grandchildren, but was so delighted to find adopted by the Roman marionettes, that he wrote for these another opera, *Little Red Riding-Hood*, which we are also likely to see in London.

Scenically *Puss in Boots* is delightful. The vivid colourings and artistic designs and dresses of V. Grassi, who is responsible for the whole stage setting, are enormously attractive. The *espèglerie* of the Cat is abundant and diverting, and throughout the four scenes the pleasure of the eye never flags. With some few exceptions, the score of Cui is, however, a little dull. There are few striking melodies, the many songs and tunes introduced being of a rather tame character. Moreover, the orchestration is rarely very piquant, and this is felt the more as the previous opera (Respighi's *Sleeping Beauty*) was so admirably scored throughout. One would be sorry that any friend (and particularly any child friend) should miss seeing *Puss in Boots*. But it is, on the whole, eye rather than ear that gathers the harvest; and what the ear does gather bears no suggestion of having been grown on the steppes of Russia.

The other opera is Rossini's *Magpie* (*La Gazza Ladra*) in a considerably condensed version. Much of the music here is first-rate Rossini, and very well worth hearing—the more so since this once-famous opera has long disappeared from the British stage.

In both these operas the acting of the puppets is as excellent as before. The singing is, however, but moderately good, and there is no sound reason why, working under exceptionally favourable conditions for audibility, the singers should not allow us to hear a much larger proportion of their words. The orchestra is again directed by Francesco Ticiatti.

It is understood that marionette manipulation (an art surely demanding a very elaborate technique) is largely communicated by secret tradition, and it is interesting to observe at the bottom of the programme, 'Marionette Operators: The families of Gorno, Dell'Acqua, Frandi, Corsi.'

P. A. S.

London Concerts

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CENTRE

On April 18 the Contemporary Music Centre gave an interesting concert of its customary international type, at which however the principal British composition dwarfed all others in importance. This was Arnold Bax's Quartet in one movement for pianoforte and strings—an impetuous, dynamic work of brief dimensions but intensified significance, which was discussed in these columns on its first performance not long ago. Miss Kathleen Long played a group of pianoforte pieces by the late William Baines as a tribute to his memory. They were sympathetically heard, but the undeniable talent they revealed had scarcely developed far enough to justify the eulogy bestowed upon it. Miss Long was associated with Mr. Cedric Sharpe in Delius's 'Cello Sonata, of which they gave an excellent performance, and with Miss Bessie Rawlins and Mr. Raymond Jeremy, in addition, in the Bax Quartet. The foreign work was a Sonatina for flute and pianoforte by Philip Jarnach, formerly a Parisian, but now one of the hopes of the Busoni group at Berlin. As a composer he inclines to the intellectual but not to the academic, and in this work, though a small one, there was enough to display a pronounced individuality. We must know more of him.

On May 7 the International Society welcomed a visitor at the Contemporary Centre in the person of Béla Bartók, who played with Miss Jelly d'Aranyi both of his Sonatas for pianoforte and violin. The first of these had several performances in London last year, and attracted much attention. The second is new, and displays the same method in more concentrated form. It is a kind of pur-

poseful expressionism, not easy to grasp unless the listener is prepared by previous acquaintance with Bartók's music, but singularly compelling the moment he is attuned to it. If we were better acquainted with Bartók's pianoforte music, of which he played a copious selection at this concert, it is probable that his later concerted works, such as this Sonata and the last Quartet, would make more friends—not that they have much to complain of in that respect. At the same time, if some listeners are repelled it is no discredit to them, for such music is not suited to all palates. One likes it or he does not. I happen to like it. Miss d'Aranyi's performance of this difficult music showed an amazing sensibility to its shades of emotion, which pass in quick succession.

E. E.

THE RETURN OF M. YSAË

YsaË has changed very little since we heard him last—six or seven years ago. His dark hair brushed well back belies his age. When he is playing there are moments when you could still feel the emotions created thirty years ago. Then his art was a new thing—new to us, that is, for it embodied a very old tradition. Since then violinists have come and violinists have gone, but YsaË remains the greatest exponent of that school and that tradition. He played a Vivaldi and a Mozart Concerto with all his old purity of tone. Only now and then a little rhythmic waywardness, a touch of impatience, seemed to point to a slight relaxation of intellectual control, to instinct gaining the upperhand. Is he still capable of those feats which used to ravish his audiences in the old days, can he still take fast movements at break-neck speed without ever missing a note, without imperilling the quality of the tone? The Queen's Hall recital did not answer these questions, for the programme had certain well-defined limitations. But two compositions of his own gave him ample opportunities to display a technical mastery that is still marvellous in its blend of sureness and finish, of elegance and fiery energy.

YsaË is sixty-five years old. Yet the only evident signs of advancing years he showed were the playing of the first Concerto from the music and a disinclination to put up with the conventionalities of a public performance. He was clearly moved by the warmth of his reception, but he signed to the audience to refrain from applauding between certain movements of the Concerto, and later he acknowledged applause with the air of a man who no longer courts or enjoys acclamation. Otherwise ripe experience appears only to have deepened his love for the scholastic beauty of Vivaldi, for the easy-flowing melody of Mozart. These he played as if every note had been a revelation—which is the only way to make such music yield its charm to the listener.

F. R.

HOMAGE TO BACH

Mr. Harold Samuel's humanity never forsakes him in the process of presenting the pianoforte music of Bach—or of any other composer, so far as we have been permitted to hear him. Himself a musician of exceptional vitality, he is able to discover for our delight, to an extent not often approached, the same quality in Bach. The founder of the modern pianoforte and of modern pianoforte music appears from this distance of time to have paid scrupulous observance to the rigid mathematical formulae of his age, though he may have been regarded as a dangerous innovator by some of his compeers. He grew into his art finding narrow limits imposed as to the form and development of a composer's ideas. He showed that, far from placing fetters on the imagination, to work according to plan stimulated its growth to fruition in very counterfeit of the processes of nature. Extraordinary labour was involved; but what have some modernists to show for their shirking of this salutary exercise? To Mr. Samuel has fallen the grateful task of revealing the true poetic character of the elements fused and poured into the conventional mould. Paradoxically, he does it very largely by letting the music tell its own tale. He is like a medium surrendering himself to 'control.' He does but set the rhythm swinging—this he can do with an uncanny certainty—and the music takes charge. He has never appeared more of an adept than during his recent Bach week (April 30-May 5). Undeterred, though not unaffected, any more than his packed listeners, by the heat,

he dreamed full meaning into a score of the masterpieces, from the Prelude and Fugue in A minor (*alla Tarantella*), by way of the thirty *Goldberg Variations*—a forty-five minute work which, as he said, he could not very well play again, in response to the enthusiastic demand for more—to the Overture 'in the French style.' Merely as a feat of memory and fingering, the enterprise would have commanded respect, but he added the charm that cements affection. H. F.

SOKOLOF

Nicolai Sokolof, a Russian brought up since boyhood in the United States, and now famous as conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, appeared last summer at the Welsh Eisteddfod, where he made a very strong impression of exceptional skill and power. On May 17, at Queen's Hall, he made his début in London with the London Symphony Orchestra. The programme consisted of Brahms's Symphony No. 1, Strauss's *Don Juan*, *Die Meistersinger* Overture, and some *Oriental Impressions*, by Henry Eichheim.

The Strauss performance was very fine, the piece being carried through with a big sweep of rhythm, the details, nevertheless, coming out clearly. The final climax was tremendous. The Brahms performance lacked the qualities of unity, details triumphing over all-through effect.

Eichheim is an American violinist, composer, and conductor, whose father, a violoncellist, was a member of the famous Theodore Thomas Orchestra at Chicago. Eichheim has spent a good deal of time in the East, making a close study of Oriental music. The *Oriental Impressions* take the form of a Suite of four movements—'Korean Sketch,' 'Siamese Sketch,' 'Japanese Nocturne,' and 'Chinese Sketch.' There are a number of extra percussion instruments employed, and some of the wind and string effects are somewhat unusual. The general texture is rather delicate. The subject-matter is all of actual Eastern origin. On the whole, despite its greater authenticity, the Suite does not make any more powerful impression than the best of the quasi-Oriental music pretty frequently written nowadays by our Occidental composers, and it would be an exaggeration to say that the hearer's mind did not occasionally find a temptation to wander. P. A. S.

MISS ANNA HEGNER

Historical recitals have their uses, but it is a debatable point whether the drawbacks are not greater than the advantages. Miss Anna Hegner's scheme, for instance, aims at a representative presentation of violin concerti of all schools and epochs. She is hence bound to give us the hackneyed with the unhackneyed, to place in juxtaposition the masterpiece and the 'parlour' piece, for indeed the concerti of de Beriot are, except in form, nothing more than *morceaux de salon*. Her first recital was all that could be wished. Viotti, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven—these are excellent company, as is proved by the fact that hardly a recital is given which does not pay due homage to one or more of them. The second programme was open to objection, for indeed of three concerti played only one lives now outside the school-room—the Wieniawsky Concerto in D. De Beriot and Vieuxtemps have both forfeited the freedom of the concert-room. Vieuxtemps now and again is smuggled through under the agis of a great virtuoso. But Miss Hegner does not belong to their class. She is much more than a mere virtuoso, as the pellucid clarity of her playing of Beethoven's Concerto proved. Her technique has been quite equal to all the tests to which it has been put, but her chief assets are a tone that is warm and powerful yet is never urged beyond the correct limit, and temperament which apparently delights equally in the great conceptions of Bach and in the technical tricks of Wieniawsky. F. B.

MICHAEL ZACHAREWITSCH

It is apparently with players as it was during the late war with belligerents. No sooner has one side evolved a new trick than all others feel bound to follow suit. Once well-known resident performers were content with one recital. Now the fashion seems to have changed, and recitals are given in series. Mr. Michael Zacharewitsch's series of

recitals at Wigmore Hall has not revealed anything that we did not know. His great skill as a technician, the occasional rare beauty of his tone—all these have been demonstrated many times before. Nor could successive tests solve the problem of his somewhat puzzling individuality. We believe his zest and fiery energy are great virtues, until we realise that these vital forces urge him to take undue liberties with the rhythm. We envy his command of extreme shades of tone colour until it becomes evident that it is the cause of contrasts that have no real *raison d'être*. Thus in his playing of Wieniawsky's *Tarantelle* or Tchaikovsky's *Serenade*, Bach's *Chaconne* or Saint-Saëns's *Rondo*, there is much that is admirable, and also something that cools our enthusiasm and makes us more critical than we would like to be. F. B.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY

In forsaking the straight, broad track of oratorio, well-beaten in past years, for ways devious and undulating that may well provide interesting incidents, the Royal Choral Society was perhaps not very well advised to go so far abroad as to *The Mastersingers*. A considerable transcription for concert use of this music—written by Wagner for his own stage purposes, which did not envisage so vast a chorus—occupied the singers' attention at the Albert Hall on Saturday, April 28, but with no particular profit. Happily, other and juster claims were recognised, and native music had its due. The weighty method of delivery which has become second nature to the choir could not be expected to give way in a moment to the lighter eloquence that would best become a work of modern tenuity like Rootham's *Brown Earth*. There was very much to admire in the way of sonority and gradation of tone, but viewed as a whole, subtleties were merely indicated, and that not always with the sure touch of familiarity. There is considerably more in such part-writing than met the ear on this occasion. A similar observation might be made with regard to Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, which followed. But in the unaccompanied Bach Motet for double chorus, *Be not Afraid*, the weaving of the strands of counterpoint had been well studied. The instrumental work of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra was noticeably good, and the singing of Miss Dorothy Silk lent, as ever, a note of distinction. The duties of conducting were shared between Sir Hugh Allen and Mr. H. L. Balfour, general conductor of the Society. H. F.

A HARRISON-GOOSSENS CONCERT

Having decided to play Goossens's 'Cello Rhapsody, and invited the composer to join her at the pianoforte, it was only one step further for Miss Beatrice Harrison to persuade him to do the same in the Delius 'Cello Sonata. With her sister, Miss Margaret Harrison, to play the violin part of Ravel's unaccompanied Duet Sonata, the programme was then complete, but two of the works being in one movement apiece, Miss Harrison added two groups of 'cello pieces. That is how we imagine the Harrison-Goossens concert originated. It took place at Wigmore Hall on April 26, and proved very enjoyable. It is true that Delius's Sonata is not his best work, and that Goossens's Rhapsody suffers a little from diffuseness, but both works have long passages of great beauty which enable us to forget their weaker points, and Miss Beatrice Harrison's playing is always delightful. In the Ravel Sonata the vigour of the two players was not equal, Miss Margaret Harrison being the less incisive of the two. With that reservation the performance was on the same high plane as the others. E. E.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Mattia Battistini, still triumphantly defying time, sang at Queen's Hall and ravished our ears. His art is unmatched. Hardly one censorious adjective could be applied to him. At sixty-six he is still the most elegant of the arbiters of song. Unlike many singers of his years, he in no wise displays the mere skeleton of a former voice. Possibly the years have added a little restraint, and some little of the brilliance of a quarter of a century ago may have faded. His singing now has, anyhow, all the merits of full maturity.

Battistini not only commands all the technical graces, but also commands himself. It is a lesson in itself to see how on the platform he can range through many moods and always perfectly maintain a gentlemanly dignity. He sang Wolfram's tournament song, *Eri tu* (twice), Falstaff's *Page Song*, Mozart's *Non più andrai* and *Deh vieni*, and many other things. Only one was really a failure—Bach's *Bist du bei mir*. Battistini in Mozart and in Italian music is incomparable. His *Largo al Factotum* bubbled with fun and was amazingly glib, yet it was well in its frame—no hint of extravagance. The *Pagliacci* Prologue itself was decent and courtly, even. *Deh vieni* breathed knightly grace.

One feels that Battistini has settled on every phrase and shade of his effects with the most definite and deliberate prevision. He is the perfect technician. One can guess that in his youth he probably sang *soffeggi* until his sides ached. By the long habit of singing rightly he probably could not now, if he wanted, tighten his throat when singing. One divines a complicated subconscious mechanism busy doing all the necessary things aright for him, so that his conscious mind is happily at ease, concerned only with the music, and free to sail along those richly flowing phrases so beloved of Italians, with no harassing considerations. The many baritones who try to sing too heavily in the chest register should note that Battistini retains his lyric quality throughout his range, and does not even trouble to darken his lowest notes at all. He banks, as true baritones should, on his middle and upper notes. His spun tones, and many other details, fascinated one, but it must be insisted that his essential greatness lies in his perfect sense of style. Schubert's *Serenade*, sung in Italian, did indeed not ring quite true. It was spoilt for me by several *sforzati*, brilliantly done and assuredly not introduced for show, but still not in keeping with Schubert. M. di Veroli accompanied.

Miss Harriet van Emden (May 11, Wigmore Hall) sang with the firmest breath control. Floating her tones on a minimum of air, her voice, flexible and resonant, responded well to a variety of emotions; it was singing well-nigh irreproachable. There was nothing fussy about this soprano's enunciation, and she disdained any but the noblest ends. There was touching poetry in her singing of Schubert's *Litany*. She was to my mind the best soprano who has visited us since Madame Frieda Hempel. I rank her above Gerhardt.

Miss Cynthia Davril was one of the superior singers of the month. The voice is a resonant soprano of good range and flexibility. Miss Davril showed she has the gift of making graphic little personal touches. It was not cut-and-dried singing. It had style. She did not do everything quite as well as Manuel de Falla's *Polo*; here the breath was firmly ballasting the tone, which gained vastly. It looked as though this singer's way to advancement lay in pruning away all slackness of utterance, and in reinforcing her very interesting full-throated manner. Songs of Respighi were on the programme, and also settings by William Murdoch and others of some of the singer's own verses.

Miss Megan Foster's programme showed a pretty taste, and her performance proved a natural gift for song. At her best, she was a bewitching fairy of the springtime, telling lightly of happy things. Her vocal flexibility and natural spirit allowed her to hint airily where others have to explain clumsily. It seemed rather a pity that she should leave a domain so completely hers, for when she attempted to be more portentous there was no compensating depth of quality. A strained dramatic emphasis may in time even darken the whole voice and cause the loss of her peculiar airy fairness. Peter Warlock's *Piggies*, Armstrong Gibbs's *Love is a sickness*, and *Les Cigales* of Chabrier were among her successes; Bax's *White Peace* and Duparc's *Lament* were songs she did less well. Her diction was exemplary.

Mr. Philip Wilson's concert at Steinway Hall commemorated the tercentenary of the death of Philip Rosseter, the lutenist, whose songs were sung alongside examples of Arthur Bliss, Peter Warlock, Berners, E. J. Dent, Moeran, and Bax—a most charming and ingenious collection of old and new. One may not agree with Mr. Wilson's notions of

the vocal art, but there can be no two questions of his musical taste.

The nowadays modish unaccompanied song suited Miss Esther Coleman's art at her recital at Wigmore Hall. She was very successful in examples by Gerrard Williams, Herbert Bedford, and E. Bonner. Her voice (mezzo-contralto) was here free and firm, resonant and significant. This made it hard to understand why she made so little of the rest of the programme, wherein she appeared constricted and unhappy. Possibly this voice would repay reconstruction to the point of being raised a tone or so. In reaching her low notes she revealed a gap. In a difficult song of Korngold's she sustained neither tension nor pitch.

Miss Judith Litante, at Wigmore Hall, showed a happy feeling for delicacy of shading, and most of her songs were well chosen to be served by this gift. Her best singing was like the discreet art of the silver-point. Some of the songs demanded more energy and colour, and here the voice was inclined to harden. Her English songs included three by Bliss.

Miss Dorothy Robson, heard at Aeolian Hall, is overcoming certain vexatious little mannerisms and acquiring more freedom in singing. Her voice, indeed, is excellent. Her rhythmic sense makes all she does interesting, and on occasion she can be impassioned. There is still not sufficient contrast either of colour or volume.

A soprano, Madame Telini, forfeited much sympathy at her Steinway Hall concert by her choice of snippets of Puccini and some intolerable ballads. The voice was resonant, the breath control good, and when she did not attempt too forcible climaxes her high notes had a fine ring. In impassioned moments intonation suffered, and to the already cloying strains of such things as *Vissi d'Arte* she added slurs and rubato.

Miss Marie Ladelle at Wigmore Hall likewise showed no special fineness of taste in her programme. Hers was curious, unequal singing. She attacked *Ah! Fors' è lui* with the aggressiveness of an Ortrud. Her voice responded mainly to the unsympathetic frontal vibrators. But on points of sheer vocalisation she often scored. Her raids above the stave were accurate, and ascending and descending *staccati* were executed with the fearlessness of an old campaigner.

Miss Sonia Herma, who sang at Wigmore Hall, seemed to me to deserve more cordiality than she got. It was pleasantly sensuous singing. She showed a habit of caressing a note—of extracting all its juices, so to speak, instead of losing interest in it when once it had been struck, like a pianist. This spreading kind of singing may tend towards sentimentality and loss of pitch, but Miss Herma could tighten and lighten her art on occasion, if not perhaps always quite enough. Her *mezzo voce* was good.

Mr. Morgan Kingston, tenor, seemed at first rather abashed by the size of the Albert Hall, but having found his poise gave us some beautiful singing. Possibly he exercises almost too stern a breath repression, but his singing of Lohengrin's 'Farewell' was eminently to be enjoyed. Here his guarded, almost prim utterance was entirely in place. It is a song that will not bear buffeting, and in preserving a clear *cantabile* line Mr. Kingston showed how carefully his technical groundwork had been laid. His *mezzo voce* was singularly pure, and only when he forsook the lyric for the heroic style was he at all at fault. It was unfortunate for Mr. Kingston's reputation that he sang some bad music, however enjoyable to him may have been the applause after *Nirvana* and *Parted*!

Mr. Ingo Simon, in the notes to his programme at Wigmore Hall, described Tchaikovsky's *Don Juan Serenade* and Massé's *Chanson de la Mule* as 'fair examples of good bad music.' Mr. Simon, one may be allowed to say, is a good example of a good bad singer. In part of Tchaikovsky's song he gave rein to some finely-telling notes. Judged by a few phrases, he might be called a master-singer. Other times a queer fancy led him to fight shy of deploying his resonances, and instead he mouthed and mumbled, overweighting his vowels, and thus giving his consonants little effect. His good moments suggested a vessel coming into smooth water after an unpleasantly choppy bit of sea.

H. J. K.

Competition Festival Record

BRITISH FEDERATION OF MUSICAL COMPETITIVE
FESTIVALS

We have received a copy of the *Year-Book* for 1923, edited for the Central Board by John Graham.* It contains a Preface by Sir Henry Hadow, a verbatim report of the Annual General Meeting and Conference, detailed information concerning such co-operating organizations as the Girl Guides, National Adult Sunday School Union, National Federation of Women's Institutes, Village Clubs, Associations, &c., particulars of all affiliated Festivals (names of officers, number and kinds of classes, number of entries and competitors, and names of adjudicators at the last two gatherings), a calendar of festivals for 1923, and a list of adjudicators who have judged at affiliated festivals during 1921-22, with addresses, and particulars as to the departments in which they have worked.

Carlyle said loosely, but with a good deal of truth, that the true university in these days is a collection of books. Looking through this *Year-Book* we feel that the time is coming when the true academy of music will be the Competitive Festival, with students drawn from every rank of life, and with a staff of visiting teachers made up from hundreds of the leading specialists and general practitioners of the profession. Only when the movement is focussed as it is in the Federation *Year-Book* can its significance and potentialities be fully grasped. This well-edited shillingsworth should be on the desk of all festival-workers.

ESKDALE TOURNAMENT, WHITBY.—This Festival, now in its sixteenth year (except for war-time lapses), is specially important, its competitors being drawn from the remoter rural districts of North Yorkshire, where facilities for hearing good music are not nearly so great as in the West Riding. It lasted from Tuesday, April 24, to Thursday evening, April 26, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw and Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill adjudicating. This year the committee had abolished money prizes, yet there was no falling off in entries. Three adult string orchestras competed for a silver challenge cup, and the winner, the Malton Orchestra (conductor, The Hon. Leila Willoughby), received congratulations on its extraordinarily good balance and refined tone. On Saturday, May 5, a full day's programme of folk-dancing was presented. Entries from a wide area trebled those of last year. Mr. Douglas N. Kennedy (London), the adjudicator, gave a demonstration of Morris dancing.

GLASGOW.—It is often said, and with some truth, that the happy family feeling and the festival spirit can be met with only at the smaller competitions. Glasgow (April 28—May 12) provided the best of proof that size is no bar to pleasant and intimate relations between all the parties concerned. This is due mainly to the fact that even on the most congested days there is no feeling of hustle and rush. At the end of practically every class ample margin is found for adjudication and for combined singing. In a word, the time-table is not like that of a railway—an inflexible master; it is everybody's good servant. Entries this year were larger than ever, so much so that three extra days had to be tacked on at the beginning. There were 115 classes, and the competitors totalled round about 12,000. These figures are given as information that may interest some readers, but they matter little. The impression left by the Glasgow Festival is not one of bulk, but of a smooth-running series of jolly music-makings, with just enough of the competitive spirit to add nip to the proceedings. The organization was, like the time-table, flexible. We had the results without being up against the machinery. It was generally agreed that the standard as a whole, especially on the choral side, showed an advance. It is impossible to discuss so huge a Festival in detail, but mention should be made of the admirable singing in the chief class for junior choirs (composed of girls under seventeen years of age). They gave Berlioz's *Ophelia*, Charles Wood's *Lilies*, and Geoffrey

Shaw's *Of Pan we sing*, not only with fine technical skill, but with an interpretative insight that is not expected of singers so young. The performance of *Ophelia* by the winners (Dumbarton, Mr. John Lithgow) was a really moving piece of work. The judges were Sir Walford Davies, Messrs. Ernest Newman, Thomas F. Dunhill, Arthur Collingwood, and Harvey Grace, Dom Gregory Ould, and Miss Editha Knocker; and, for elocution, Mrs. Matthey and Mr. John Masefield.

The following were the principal results in the choral and orchestral competitions:

FEMALE-VOICE CHOIRS

Premier Class.—Mr. Thorpe Davie's Choir, Glasgow.
Open Class.—Caledonian House Choir, Glasgow (Mr. Thorpe Davie).

MALE-VOICE CHOIRS

Premier Class.—Clydebank (Mr. James D. Fleming).
Open Class.—Edinburgh Male-Voice Choir (Mr. H. Whalley).

MIXED-VOICE CHOIRS

Premier Class.—Mr. Thorpe Davie's Choir, Glasgow.
Open Class.—Perth Madrigal Choir (Mr. David T. Vacamini).

CHORAL SIGHT-SINGING

Mr. Thorpe Davie's Choir.

STRING ORCHESTRAS

Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society.

KENT.—This event, now in its fourteenth year, was held at Ashford on May 12 (children's day) and May 16. The outstanding feature was the good work done by village organizations—mixed choirs, church choirs, and women's institute choirs, &c. Among these nothing was better than the form shown by brass bands from Wye and Lyminge, two villages with populations of about twelve hundred. The bands were large and well-equipped, and played admirably. This is the way to 'brighten' village life! It beats the cinema hollow. In the chief choral class capital work was done by the Maidstone Choral Union (Mr. F. Wilson Parish) and Mr. Leslie Mackay's choir from Chatham. The judges were Madame Edith Hands and Messrs. Harvey Grace, Clive Carey, Alec Rowley, Charlton Palmer, C. H. Merrill, F. E. Fletcher, and W. J. Keech.

MIDLAND.—Though this year's Midland Festival was an interim function between the comprehensive events held biennially at Birmingham, it covered five days—May 1 to 5 inclusive—and attracted upwards of ten thousand competitors. Its appeal was primarily to the children of the district, and its success will be gathered from the fact that the entries included a hundred and eighty children's choirs and a hundred and thirty folk-dance teams—practically all drawn from within a radius of six miles from the Town Hall. An outstanding feature, however, was the Elizabethan music for the adult competitions on the closing day. The madrigal is no new thing in competitive work, but it has hitherto been mainly heard in choral singing. The Birmingham committee, however, took its courage in both hands and arranged a series of competitions for concerted solo voices. But the number of entries proved disappointing, the performances in general being still more so. Perhaps the extreme difficulty of the music frightened the singers; perhaps the edition prescribed—the recently issued 'Poly-metric'—was not liked. Anyhow, Mr. Kennedy Scott, the adjudicator, had every excuse for the drastic comments he made on the singing submitted to his judgment. He found the singers so much at sea with technical problems as to forbid any real expressiveness in keeping with the music. For the same reason all sense of spontaneity or easefulness was lacking. The vice of persistent tremolo singing also fell under the lash, and the day proved that, whatever may be accomplished in choral singing by an inspiring conductor, the singer as an individual has nearly everything to learn in the treatment of the madrigal. By far the best singing in these classes came from the Misses Maisie Southall, R. Taylor, and G. Washbourne in Weelkes's *Upon a hill the bonny boy*; they, at any rate, captured the lightness and grace of the music.

* The Offices of the Federation, 117, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Mr. Edmunds's Foleshill Co-operative Choir won both the choral competitions. In the five-part class, however, this was the only competing choir; and in the four-part class—where the choirs were allowed to choose between Byrd's *This sweet and merry month of May* and Morley's infinitely easier *On a fair morning*—Mr. Edmunds's singers left Byrd alone and concentrated upon Morley.

A day and a-half devoted to folk-dancing by teams drawn from the schools showed a high level of attainment on the technical side. All the adjudicators—Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Annie Beck, and Mrs. Hobbs—found the dancing rather lacking in spirit and style, and attributed these defects in part to the tame playing of the accompanying pianoforte music. The children's choral competitions brought much delightful singing, with an excellent tone-quality greatly marred by the distortion of vowel sounds peculiar to the district. The fault was more pronounced among the elder children than the infants, with the boys worst of all, and both Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill and Dr. Whittaker commented strongly upon it. In one instance the marks deducted by Dr. Whittaker for this fault placed a choir, which had done better than its rivals in other respects, well below the first place.

Christopher Edmunds's *Sherwood*, used in the principal cantata class, is a capably written, rather picturesque composition with a spice of individuality rarely found in works of this type. Two of its choruses were used as tests during the competitions of the day, and its performance in the evening by about six hundred young singers was impressive in zest and general ability. *Have you seen but a whyte lily grow* was a severe test for unison singing, and no choir successfully achieved the swift ascent on the word 'grow.' There were, however, beautiful atmospheric effects. In Boughton's *Faery Song*, sung in unison by choirs of infants, there was much from which adult singers might have learned in this respect.

A significant feature of the purely musical side of the Festival was the singing of the choir of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, under Mr. Harry E. Platt, himself a blind trainer. It would seem that the deprivation of physical sight is compensated by a peculiar sensitiveness to nuance and phrasing. These singers interpret a piece with all its phrases tapered to expressiveness, and seem to possess a vision of the music as a whole. In Mr. Platt they have an exceptionally fine trainer.

The following were the principal winners:

- Children's Choirs (Cantata Class).—Boulton Road, Handsworth (Mr. H. R. Sheppard).
- Children's Choirs (Midland Counties).—Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind (Mr. H. E. Platt).
- High School Choirs.—Edgbaston (Miss Thomson).
- School Choirs (Senior Girls).—Edgbaston High School (Mr. James Bates).
- Smaller Elementary Schools (Cantata Class).—St. Matthias's (Miss E. Green).
- Adult Female-Voice Choirs.—Madame Gell's Ladies' Choir.
- Adult Male-Voice Choirs.—Wolverhampton Apollo (Mr. H. Jones).
- Mixed-Voice Choirs (Four-part Madrigals).—Foleshill Co-operative Choir (Mr. Alexander Edmunds).
- Mixed-Voice Choirs (Five-part Madrigals).—Foleshill Co-operative Choir (Mr. Alexander Edmunds).

G. W.

MORECAMBE.—The male-voice experiences described under Southport (see page 429) were continued here on May 5. The entries were not so numerous as at Southport, but a choir from Carlisle was, in my experience, new to work of the calibre of the *Old Soldier's Dream* and *Kubla Khan*. If one were to name the two works of Cornelius which have had the profoundest effect upon choral writing in the *a cappella* form they would be *O Death, thou art the tranquil night*, first sung at Morecambe in May, 1905, and the *Old Soldier's Dream*, sung at Blackpool for the first time the following October. The latter probably revealed for the first time the possibilities of expressive writing within the narrow range of male-voice singing. In the brief seven years which followed we find the seed then planted producing in the

case of Bantock its finest fruit in such things as the *Lost Leader*, *Lucifer*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Atalanta*. I first heard *Kubla Khan* at the Blackpool Festival of 1912, in conjunction with Max Reger's *To the Sea*. To many, Coleridge's verse stood in no need of musical illumination. Does not Swinburne somewhere pronounce it to be the first poem of our literature in point of absolute melody and splendour? In 1912 much of Bantock's genius remained undiscovered to the choirs, and consequently to those who listened. On this marvellous spring day the men seemed to feel more thoroughly the spirit of the verse and music—verse picturesque in itself was found to be arrayed anew in richly glowing colours to the delight of both eye and ear; the glamour of its romantic quality seemed to transform the theatre itself into a 'stately dome of pleasure.' The work abounds in lyrical beauty, and once a choir feels quite at ease in its harmonic transitions, I know few part-songs which so handsomely reward continuous study, for it is in a very real sense 'a miracle of rare device.' That vision of the 'Abyssinian maid, as on her dulcimer she played,' is surely one of the most felicitous bits of portraiture ever allied with music. Who that heard it on that May night can ever forget those closing bars as the men of Todmorden and Carlisle spun for our delight a gossamer web of tone of such delicate beauty that one feared to breathe lest it should vanish.

The female-voice work in the morning and that of the larger mixed choirs in the afternoon never rose above a moderate level. Part-songs like Waddington's *Cherry Ripe*, or even Parry's pastoral *Tell me, O Love*, are not exactly works that can stimulate choirs as did the *Old Soldier's Dream*. A Carlisle choir sang the two mixed part-songs, and sang well, but it was tepidity itself alongside the fashion in which the men of this same choir a little later, under the same conductor, gave the Cornelius work. Obviously their imagination caught fire and brought the whole affair to the boil in no time. Boredom in the audience was blown aside like mist upon the hills, and its enthusiasm began to glow as that of the singers, for in imagination we too were storming heaven's gate in the glowing sunset. That was the first thrill of the day: we got more at the evening session, as already intimated, and if only to confirm the Carlisle impression just recorded, we heard from the Sale and District (Manchester), as well as the Carlisle mixed choirs, two very moving presentations of Herman Brearley's *As the moon's soft splendour*. Again the feeling of lassitude gave way to eagerness, and repetition only strengthened these impressions. Works such as were heard in the mixed choir afternoon performances are hardly worth the labour lavished on preparation. The orchestral playing by a Blackburn string band made up of eighteen men and sixteen women was uncommonly good. Parry's arrangement of a Suite from a dozen of Boyce's Sonatas was noteworthy, if only for the singular beauty of the viola writing.

C. H.

PORTSMOUTH.—A flourishing Festival for young folk has been well established here for some years. On May 18 and 19 a new venture was launched in a Competitive Festival of the more usual type. The date was not propitious—the Whitsun week-end finding choirs largely depleted owing to holidays—but the entries were encouraging. Two busy afternoons and evenings were spent in the Town Hall. Solo classes discovered plenty of voices of real promise. The choral side, though not large in entries, was in performance far above the standard of even old-established festivals. Among the smaller choirs excellent work was done by singers from Petersfield and Waterloo, and the Portsmouth and Pembroke Male-Voice Choirs sang with delightful tone. But, chorally, everything was put in the shade by the singing of the Portsmouth Temperance Choral Union, and of the Ladies' Choir drawn from the same body, both conducted by Mr. T. E. Plater. Better singing of *As Vesta was*, *Death on the Hills*, Weelkes's *The Nightingale*, and Vaughan Williams's *Sound sleep one need not wish to hear*. If these Temperance Choralists will go to a big Northern Festival and sing as they sang on May 18, they will make some famous 'cracks' go all the way.

With so high a standard on the choral side, and with public interest shown by a packed and enthusiastic audience, the Portsmouth Festival may be expected to make a place for itself among the principal gatherings of the kind. An amalgamation with the Junior Welfare Festival will no doubt soon take place, with benefit to both organizations. Mr. Plater proved his ability not only as a choral conductor, but as joint hon. secretary with Mr. W. Boyanton. Mr. Harvey Grace adjudicated.

Reports of the Feis Ceoil, and of the Belfast, Ballymena, and Dungannon Festivals, appear under 'Music in Ireland' (see page 432).

SOUTHPORT.—The management of the Winter Gardens appears to have taken control of the Festival formerly arranged by the Festival Committee. The mixed-voice choral singing on April 28 calls for little comment because of the poverty of the selections and the modest standard of attainment; not so, however, in the male-voice class, which afforded an unusually favourable opportunity for comparing current choral form with pre-war standards. This gathering, and that at Morecambe on May 3, enabled us to hear three of the most famous works concerned in this medium, sung by crack choirs both of the earlier time and of the present. At Southport it was Elgar's *Reveille* and Bantock's *Pibroch*, at Morecambe Cornelius's *Old Soldier's Dream* and Bantock's *Kubla Khan*. Elgar's setting of Bret Harte's *Reveille* is his most distinguished choral dramatic song for male voices. Whilst we cannot claim for Bantock's *Pibroch* of *Donuil Dhu* the outstanding quality of *Lucifer in Starlight* or *The Lost Leader*, yet only with choirs of the highest rank can it afford any æsthetic satisfaction.

The singing at Southport in several instances reached the high level attained when Haberghan, Manchester Orpheus, and Nelson Arion were at their prime. In point of complete technical mastery, gorgeous tone produced carefully and under superb control, imaginative insight, and emotional power of a really high order, one need hardly wish to hear anything better than was given by Todmorden, Hadley (Shropshire), and Manchester Orpheus. Yet by a curious vagary of adjudicatory genius neither Manchester nor Todmorden was deemed worthy to accompany Hadley into the final, this honour being awarded to Manchester C.W.S. (which, unluckily, started off pitch and never gave a glimpse of its true form), Colne Orpheus, and Hebden Bridge. Of the others, the Crossley Motors choir might have been out for a speed test on its favourite trial-run over the Snake Pass in Derbyshire. Did the conductor ever hear a march-rhythm taken at such a rattling pace?

But all these fellows sang as befitting free men fired by noble enthusiasms, and in that clarion-like passage leading up to 'My chosen people, come!' there was the same rugged grandeur that illumines the celebrated statue of Abraham Lincoln from the sculptor Barnard. Several phases of John Drinkwater's *Lincoln* grip the imagination in much the same way. Interpretative fervour of this high order is uncommonly rare, and one counted it a happy experience to have been present not alone for the singing but also to witness how the men, in their eagerness and earnestness, swayed and moved under the spell of the music into a constant succession of unstudied poses that would have fired the imagination of sculptor or painter. If only Augustus John could find in such a group of singers the inspiration which has given us the 'Guilherminia Suggia'! C. H.

WOODBIDGE.—This little Suffolk town held its first Competitive Festival on April 25. The instrumental side was especially promising, with several chamber music parties and a capable full orchestra. A packed audience attended the winding-up concert, and the keen public interest and evident enjoyment of all concerned is the best of auguries for the future. Mr. Harvey Grace judged.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—This Festival was held at Malvern, April 24-26. An outstanding feature was the plain-song singing, which Father Anselm judged. A psalm, a hymn, the *Puer natus est* Introit for Christmas Day, and the Sequences were set as tests. Nearly all the choirs competing gave a beautiful treatment of free rhythm. The winners, Mr. A. Shaw's Newland Boys, gave some highly perfected unison singing; and, except for an outcrop of hoity tone at times, it is to be questioned whether more finished examples of this genre are ever likely to be met with. Father Anselm specially commended them for the observance of a duly adequate pause between the lines of the text. The solo competitions for female voices proved a disappointment, and the competitions for men's voices still more so, for only one singer turned up. Poor production marred most efforts, suggesting the need for capable tuition in the country districts. The principal adjudicator, Mr. Julius Harrison, on the other hand, found much to commend in performances of Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and the first Quartet of Beethoven's Op. 18 in the chamber music classes. A class for soprano solo and string quartet, in which Boughton's *Mother Mary* was prescribed, proved less happy through the lack of unified expression between singers and players. The Women's Institute Choirs rather lacked virility; they had rounds to sing among their tests, but failed in *Timothy Tipton's Horse* to give full play to the sense of fun. The singing, however, had earnestness of a kind, and was often beautifully blended. In a male-voice choir competition, Mr. L. Gauntlett's Malvern Wells choir furnished good technical and interpretative work. A Children's Day had, among its incidents, folk-dances, action-songs, and choral competitions, and culminated in a performance by the united children's choirs of Bernard Johnson's *Dream Webs*, Mr. Harrison conducting. Miss Chorley won the conductors' competition on the closing day; the competition for Village Choral Societies showed a marked advance on last year's standards. Combining in the evening for a performance of Handel's *L'Allegro*, under Sir Ivor Atkins, these village choirs gained enormously by association, and a really enjoyable interpretation resulted. G. W.

OTHER COMPETITIONS

Among the multitude of Competition Festivals that claim a place in this month's record there are a great number which, owing to want of space, and in some cases to the late arrival of news, we must regretfully pass over with the remark that they occurred. These are: Berks, Bucks, and Oxon (High Wycombe); Buxton; Dunfermline; Galloway; Lanark (Upper Ward); Mid-Somerset (Bath, three days); North Lincs (Brigg); North Lindsey (Scunthorpe); North Notts (Retford); Pontefract; Portsmouth Welfare Association; Stratford, East London; Tynedale; Wensleydale (Leyburn); West Lindsey; Wharfedale (Ilkley); York.

The North of England (Newcastle) and People's Palace (East London) Competitions are still in progress as we go to press.

An International Competitive Festival is to be held at Dieppe on July 7, 8, 9, in connection with the unveiling of a statue of Camille Saint-Saëns (who was a native of Dieppe). A recent circular mentioned that no entries had been received from England. Particulars may be obtained from M. Francillon, Secrétaire-Général du Concours, Dieppe, Seine Inférieure, France.

Melbourne Philharmonic Society and Symphony Orchestra gave *Elijah* on March 27, under Mr. Alberto Zelman. The Orchestral League of Victoria has been formed to provide concerts at Melbourne by the Victorian Professional Orchestra under Mr. Zelman. The first programme of a series of six included the *Pathetic* Symphony.

Cowen's *St. John's Eve* was performed in April by the Brentford (Ontario) Oratorio Society under Dr. Frederick C. Thomas. The programme also included Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony.

Music in the Provinces

ABBOTT'S LANGLEY.—A choral and orchestral concert of English music was given by the Abbot's Langley Choral Society on April 18, under the direction of Mr. Arnold Foster. The programme contained Elizabethan madrigals and lute songs, some Purcell, a Violin Sonata by Richard Jones, and Vaughan Williams's *Toward the Unknown Region*. The string orchestra was made up principally of members of the Morley College Orchestra from London.

BARNSTAPLE.—The Musical Society's Festival on April 25 included performances of Dr. H. J. Edwards's oratorio, *The Risen Lord*, and Sullivan's *The Martyr of Antioch*. Dr. Edwards was the conductor (part of the Sullivan work being conducted by Mr. Sydney Harper, deputy conductor and hon. secretary). The principal singers were Miss Hilda Stowar, Miss May Keene, Mr. Arthur Jordan, and Mr. Charles Knowles. The band played the *Hebrides Overture*.

BEDFORD.—The Musical Society gave a very successful performance of *The Apostles* in the Corn Exchange on May 17, under the conductorship of Dr. H. A. Harding. This was the second performance of the work within the last twelve months, and the venture was amply rewarded. There was a crowded audience. The soloists were Miss Elsie Suddaby, Miss Dilys Jones, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, Mr. George Parker, and Mr. Harold Williams. Band and choir numbered two hundred and sixty performers.

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—The City Orchestra completed its winter activities by giving a series of Sunday evening concerts in the Town Hall during April. At the first of these, Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 was given, and though its idiom is unusual it proved greatly to the liking of the audience. Mr. Appleby Matthews left the conductor's desk to play the solo part in Bach's D minor Clavier Concerto. His reading was clean and rhythmical, though there was a tendency to over-finesse with the pianoforte tone.

—On the following Sunday 'the' birthday was celebrated by a Shakespeare programme. Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, and the exquisite love scene from Berlioz's dramatic Symphony on the same subject were given. The latter had rather a downright and insensitive performance, but the Tchaikovsky work was exceedingly well played. —At the final concert M. Zacharewitsch was the soloist in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Miss Edna Iles in Rachmaninov's D minor Pianoforte Concerto. A novelty was the Prelude to Ormond Anderton's music-drama *Baldur*, a richly-scored piece of writing with a certain bigness of idea. —Musically the City Orchestra has had a successful season, though it has added considerably to its debit balance. Its losses, however, have been chiefly on the less ambitious ventures. These are to be curtailed next season, while the number of Symphony concerts by the full orchestra is to be increased. Of these four are to be conducted by Mr. Eugene Goossens, Mr. Appleby Matthews—the orchestra's musical director and general conductor—taking the remainder in addition to the concerts in its other series. —Two concerts in the latter weeks of April brought to an end the present series of Mid-day programmes. At one Mr. Johan Hock gave a recital of 'cello music to a large audience. At the closing concert Miss Sotham, to whose enterprise the scheme owes its existence, played very beautifully the solo part in Bach's D minor Pianoforte Concerto; a capable orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hock, supplied the accompaniment. At the close Miss Sotham announced her intention of resuming these 'Mid-day Musicks' next season. —The Bach Society, with Mr. Bernard Jackson at its head, gave a performance of the Wedding cantata, *O holder Tag*, and the *Transtrade*. Miss Emily Broughton sang the five arias and recitatives of the first-named with great ability and vocal power. The Society's orchestra played a transcription by Mr. Jackson of the C major Organ Prelude. —The Repertory Theatre has revived Sheridan's comic-opera, *The Duenna*, with the original songs by the Linleys, father and son. All the parts were entrusted to members of the theatre's dramatic Company.

BLACKHILL (DURHAM).—The Benfieldside Choral Society, under the conductorship of Dr. E. J. Sloane, gave a concert at Olympia, Blackhill, on May 5, with a programme that included works of Bach, Elgar, Coleridge-Taylor, and W. G. Whittaker.

BLACKPOOL.—The *Death of Minnehaha* was given at the Winter Gardens on April 25 by the Blackpool Lyric Choir and the Blackpool Amateur Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Percy M. Dayman. The programme further included Stanford's *Blue Bird*, Elgar's *The Challenge of Thor* and Mozart's Symphony in C.

BOSTON.—The Boston Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Gordon A. Slater, concluded its season on April 26 with a programme that included Vaughan Williams's *Toward the Unknown Region*, Stanford's *Songs of the Sea*, Holst's *Turn back, O man*, and Sibelius's *Finlandia*. In the evening the Sheffield String Quartet gave a chamber concert. Both occasions were distinguished by the singing of Mr. John Goss.

BRIDGWATER.—Under the auspices of Mrs. T. J. Sully—to whose enterprise in organizing chamber concerts Bridgewater is much indebted—the Kendall String Quartet played the Borodin Quartet in D and two pieces by Frank Bridge, on May 11. Mrs. Sully played a group of pianoforte pieces and joined the Quartet in Dohnányi's Pianoforte Quintet.

BRISTOL.—The Co-operative Society's choir and orchestra, numbering two hundred performers, were on April 14 conducted by Mr. A. F. Lawrence, when they gave Schubert's *Song of Miriam*. Unaccompanied part-songs included Beale's *Harmony* and Walmisley's *Music all-powerful*. The orchestra played a Haydn Symphony. —Chew Magna United Choral Society, formed last winter, now numbers sixty voices under the direction of Mr. W. J. Hutchings. At its first concert, on April 18, the programme included *The Ancient Mariner*, a Handel chorus, and glees. —At the April meeting of the Mendip Musical Club at Shipham, the works performed included two Trio-Sonatas by Corelli, in B flat and E, Beethoven's String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, and a Sonata in D minor by Gade.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.—The Musical Society, conducted by Mr. H. Fowler, performed *Phaultrag Crohoore* on April 19. The choir sang part-songs by Elgar, Edwards, Farmer, Parry, Lloyd, and Gibbons, and the orchestra played Elgar's *Wand of Youth*, a Suite by Purcell, and the *Allegro Vivace* from the *Jupiter* Symphony.

CARDIFF.—The Catholic Choral Society, at its annual concert at Park Hall, on April 22, performed Weber's *Mass* in G, supported by orchestra and conducted by Mr. T. J. O'Leary. —The Musical Society closed its season on May 4, singing part-songs by Byrd, Gerrard Williams, Julius Harrison, and Hubert Parry. Mr. Albert Sammons and Mr. William Murdoch played Sonatas for violin and pianoforte. —With the object of encouraging amateur orchestral work, Mr. Herbert Ware's Orchestra of fifty performers played at a lecture-concert in Cory Hall on May 5. Mr. W. H. Reed gave the lecture, and pieces played included Beethoven's *Prometheus* and fifth Symphony and a Suite by Elgar. —At Ton Pentre, on May 7-9, Parry's oratorio *Joseph* was staged by the Upper Rhondda Operatic Society, the title part being played and sung by Mr. David Harry, and that of Pharaoh by Mr. John Broad, a singer sixty-one years of age.

CHUDLEIGH.—The Choral Society sang F. Cunningham Woods's historical cantata *King Harold*, on April 19, conducted by Mr. G. M. Coulson.

DUDLEY.—Brahms's *Requiem* was sung by Dudley Madrigal Society on April 25 at the Wesleyan Church, King Street. Mr. Cyril S. Christopher conducted.

EDINBURGH.—At the celebration of the centenary of the Harmonists' Society, on April 12, a number of interesting part-songs were sung, including *Matona, lovely maiden* (Orlando Lassus), Paxton's *How sweet, how fresh and in vain I strike*, and *Balm Sweetness*, by Bayley. —A choir of four hundred and fifty voices from the theory classes directed by the Royal Choral Union sang Mendelssohn music on April 14, conducted by Mr. Gavin Godfrey, with

organ and pianoforte support.—The Catholic Choral Society, numbering a hundred voices, was assisted by a string orchestra on April 30, when performances of *Acis and Galatea*, W. B. Moonie's *Glenara*, and Dr. Ernest Walker's *Ode to a Nightingale* were given. Mr. W. B. Moonie conducted.

EXETER.—The Male Choir, conducted by Mr. W. J. Cotton, celebrated the Byrd-Weelkes Tercentenary, on April 18, by singing madrigals and part-songs of that period. Among the most interesting were Byrd's *Now nobis Domine*, a glee, *How merrily we live*, by Este, madrigals by Weelkes (*The Nightingale* and *Welcome, sweet pleasure*) and Cavendish (*Come, gentle swains*).—At the April meeting of the Chamber Music Club, directed by Dr. Ernest Bullock, the chief features were Vaughan Williams's Four Hymns for tenor voice with pianoforte and viola, Mozart's Trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, and pianoforte music by Scriabin (Prelude, Op. 11, and *Eirangel*, Op. 63) and Palmgren (*Night in May*).—On April 18, Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto was played in St. Michael's Church by the Rev. W. G. Lees, with Mr. H. Trener at the organ. This followed a precedent set in the Cathedral in March, when the Rev. W. G. Lees played the Schumann Concerto, with Dr. Ernest Bullock at the organ.

HARROGATE.—Mr. Stanley Kaye (Sheffield) was the soloist in MacDowell's Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 23, at the Symphony Concert in the Royal Hall on April 19, when Mr. Howard Carr also conducted Beethoven's first Symphony, Tchaikovsky's *Mozartiana*, some Coleridge-Taylor, and the *Don Giovanni* Overture.—The opening Chamber Concert of the season took place in the Royal Hall on April 20, the programme including Beethoven's String and Wind Septet.—Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto No. 2, in F (Mr. A. Tomlinson playing from Mottl's arrangement of the high trumpet part), and Schubert's fourth Symphony in C minor (*The Tragic*), were in the truly generous programme on April 26.—On May 3, Mr. Carr gave gratifying readings of Haydn's *Surprise* Symphony and *The Spinners* from Gabriel Fauré's music for *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Norman O'Neill's *Valse Mignonne* for a quintet of violin, oboe, horn, 'cello and harp received its first concert performance.—May 11 brought Moszkowski's Pianoforte Concerto in E major, with Miss Helen Guest, of Sheffield, as soloist.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Béla Bartók gave a pianoforte recital at Highfield Hall on May 9, when, besides some Scarlatti and Debussy, he played his own second Elegy, Theme with Variations, *Bear Dance*, a Dirge, three Burlesques, and the Sonata.

HULL.—Mr. F. Roland Tims, with his travelling organ, appeared at the Alexandra Theatre during the week beginning May 7. He was assisted by Miss Dorothy Huxtable (violin) and Miss Audrey Hill (contralto). His performances were accompanied by novel lighting and colour effects.

LEEDS.—Mr. Julius Harrison conducted Holst's *Beni Mora* Suite (first performance at Leeds) at the concluding Saturday Orchestral Concert on March 19. Mr. William Murdoch played Delius's Pianoforte Concerto, and the Symphony was Dvorák's *New World*.—Pudsey Choral Union sang Parry's *St. Cecilia's Day* and Bath's *Wedding of Shon Maclean* on March 19.—Leeds Parish Church Choir gave a recital of Tudor polyphonic music at the University on March 19.—Armley Choral Society gave Brahms's *Requiem* on April 10.—For its concert on April 11 the Leeds New Choral Society selected *Kubla Khan* and *A Tale of Old Japan*. Mr. Turton, returning after a serious illness, conducted both works, as well as Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture and the *Unfinished* Symphony.—A fine programme ranging from *Summertime* in Bach's *Sanctus* in D and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, via madrigals by Byrd, Weelkes, Morley, and Gibbons, was given by the Leeds Philharmonic Society, conducted by Dr. E. C. Bairstow, on April 14.—Miss Phoebe Moore's vocal recital at Pudsey on April 19 covered the work of modern British composers, including Granville

Bantock, Cyril Scott, Frank Bridge, Peter Warlock, and Malcolm Davidson.—Mr. Norman Stafford conducted the Calverley Choral Society on April 23 in Somervell's *Intimations of Immortality*.—At Leeds University, on April 24, the Huddersfield Ladies' String Quartet played Beethoven's Op. 18, No. 4, and Mozart's Quartet No. 17, in C.—Before the Yorkshire section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, Mr. H. Percy Richardson played pianoforte works of twenty-five different composers.—The Edward Maude String Quartet performed Beethoven's 'Harp' Quartet and Glazounov's *Interludium in modo antico* on Ascension Day, in Leeds Parish Church, when Dr. A. C. Tysoe played Harold Darke's Choral Fantasy on *Darwell's* 148th and some Guilman organ music. The five-part Tudor Motet, *The Lord ascendeth* (Peter Philips), was sung by the choir.

LIVERPOOL.—Before the British Music Society, on April 13, Mr. Lionel Tertis, giving a viola recital, played *The Dance of Satan's Daughter* (Rebikov-Tertis), the *Romance* by B. J. Dale, and Sonatas by McEwen and Rachmaninov.—On April 20, Miss Muriel Herbert gave a recital of her own compositions at the Sandon Studios. The principal item was a Violin Sonata, the last movement of which was a *Rondo* in canon. *A Légende* for violin, and several songs, were performed.—On April 21, a memorial to the late Harry Evans, first conductor of the Welsh Choral Union, was unveiled by Sir J. Herbert Lewis in Smithdown Road Cemetery. Members of the Union sang appropriate part-songs at the ceremony, conducted by Mr. T. Hopkin Evans.—Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's chamber concert on May 1 included an Oboe Sonata by Handel, a Fantasy for five viols by Jenkins, and a Suite for gamba by Marais.—The London String Quartet were the performers at a free concert at the Bon Marché on May 3, and played Mozart's Quartet in D minor, the Debussy Quartet, and two movements from a Quartet by Tchaikovsky.

MALTON.—The Malton String Orchestra, conducted by The Hon. Leila Willoughby and Miss Hilda Milvain, gave works by Purcell, Hurlstone, Glazounov, and Tchaikovsky, in St. Peter's Church, on April 19.

MANCHESTER.—In the spring days our chief musical sustenance is drawn from the various mid-day concerts. The Tuesday series, under the direction of Mr. Edward Isaacs, has brought several varied and interesting recitals. First must be mentioned the most comprehensive Wolf song-recital so far heard at Manchester, from a female vocalist, Miss Alison King, and to her we are indebted for a first hearing of several important Wolf songs. Very wisely, all were sung to the original texts, but for those to whom German was unintelligible, an English text was furnished, which enabled them to grasp the song's nature and general sentiment.—During April, the Edith Robinson Quartet, now much stronger in ensemble after re-organization, played a new Quartet by Eric Fogg. Delicacy—almost, it might be said, fragility—and a fine sensibility have been the characteristics of his compositions hitherto, whether judgment be based on the *Golden Butterfly* Suite or settings of Tagore and Shelley. These qualities are not so conspicuous in the Quartet; everywhere there is grace and freedom, and the listener derives genuine enjoyment from the composer's sure handling of the instruments. It marks a definite advance in the strength of Mr. Fogg's work, and judged by a first hearing, has little of the ephemeral quality which was noted in his earlier writing. The Robinson Quartet did well to sponsor such a work, and played with the utmost abandon, revealing a thorough grasp of its emotional content.—The May concerts before Whitsuntide brought two ambitious recital programmes—one choral, by the Manchester Vocal Society, under Mr. Harold Dawber, and the other a song-recital by Miss Elsie Suddaby. The main interest of the choral recital lay in Bach's *Be not afraid*; Cornelius's *O Death, thou art the tranquil night*; Elgar's *O wild west wind*; and Parry's *There is an Old Belief*. In each of these items the fundamental characteristic quality was only imperfectly realised. Bach lacked variety of treatment, and became tedious; false intonation ruined the dreamy, imaginative quality of the Cornelius work; in

Elgar, rhapsodical treatment was evident only momentarily. The two Parry works were nearer realisations both of composer's will and conductor's intentions. The programme needed for rehearsal as many weeks as it probably received days.—In Miss Suddaby's recital we were reminded constantly and irresistibly of Miss Dorothy Silk. Both are fastidious to a degree in their selection and arrangement of work as well as in its execution, and each possesses in quite singular measure the quality of charm.—Mr. Charles Neville is our authentic Manchester pioneer-singer; he with Mr. R. J. Forbes (pianoforte) repeated at the University on May 5, the great performance of Brahms's *Magelone* cycle and the Schumann *Dichterliebe*.—A young Helsingfors professor, M. Mikel Arenstein, now located here in the cinema-world, has found in Mr. Isidor Cohn, long resident here, a fine colleague for 'cello and pianoforte recitals: their programme on May 15 made us anticipate future results of this musical partnership.—Mr. R. J. Forbes has now relinquished opera-conducting, and on May 3 he gave the most convincing demonstration so far of his concert-conducting powers, at the resuscitated annual orchestral examination concert at the Royal Manchester College of Music.

MONTGOMERY.—The third annual County Musical Festival was held at the Pavilion, Newtown, on May 17. Nineteen choirs and a full orchestra took part, under the direction of Sir Walford Davies. The afternoon programme included *Round about the Starry Throne*, Mozart's *Serenade in G*, and the first part of the *St. Matthew Passion*. The second part was given in the evening. Reverential treatment of the music by both choir and soloists was a feature of the performance.

NORWICH.—On May 3, two dramatic performances of *Esther* were given in the Agricultural Hall by the Norwich Handel Society, an organization which is to be congratulated on living up to its name. Everything was done with exemplary thoroughness by choir, orchestra, and soloists—all of them local amateurs. Mr. Ernest Harcourt, organizer and director, afterwards sent the proceeds, amounting to eighteen pounds, to St. Dunstan's.—Recent musical performances have included Brahms's *Requiem* and second *Symphony* (two movements) in the Cathedral, under Dr. Bates; and Bach's *St. John Passion*, under Mr. Cyril Pearce, at St. Mary's Baptist Church—believed to have been the first performance at Norwich.

OXFORD.—In Christ Church Chapter House on May 3 the Elizabethan Singers gave an excellent programme of madrigals.—Mr. W. K. Stanton's Pianoforte Quintet was played by the composer and the Spencer Dyke Quartet at the O. U. M. C. on May 8.—M. Egon Petri gave a pianoforte recital at the seventh subscription concert on May 10, playing Bach's *Preludium, Fuga, and Allegro* in E flat and *Capriccio sopra la lontananza del suo fratello dilettissimo*.

PAIGNTON.—The south-western section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians met at Paignton on April 14, under the direction of Mr. Hedley Lamerton, the hon. secretary. Pianoforte Trios by W. Bache (in D minor) and Mendelssohn (in D minor) were played, along with a recital of songs by American composers.

PORTSMOUTH.—On April 16 the Quartet Players were assisted by Miss Marjorie Alcock ('cello) in Fauré's Quartet in C minor and Schumann's Op. 47.

RHONDDA.—The teaching staff of the Hendrefadog School has instituted a system of training in music advocated by Sir Walford Davies, and on May 8 a concert was given under the direction of Mr. Tom Jones. The school choir sang Tchaikovsky's *Merry Wings of Springtime* and Schumann's *The Lotus Flower*.

ROMFORD.—*Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and Dudley Buck's *Hymn to Music* were given by the Romford Musical Society on April 24, with the assistance of the Stock Exchange Orchestra. Mr. A. C. Chappell-Haverson conducted.

SHEFFIELD.—At the Victoria Hall concert on April 14, Miss Mary Helliwell played in Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 25, and Miss Eva Rich conducted a choral and orchestral programme of Brahms, Coleridge-Taylor, Saint-Saëns, Elgar, &c.—M. de Radum, a Danish pianist, gave his first Sheffield recital on April 17.—Mr. Harold Fairhurst's violin recital on April 24 included Paganini's Concerto in D, Saurert's Cadenza, and three movements from the solo Violin Sonatas of Bach.—On May 1, Miss Beatrice Beard gave a lecture on 'Modern British Composers,' illustrated by pianoforte and vocal pieces and a Trio for flute, 'cello, and pianoforte.—At the third of the Crossley Subscription Concerts, on May 3, Arensky's Trio in D minor, and César Franck's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata were the main attractions.

WITNEY.—The Choral Society, with orchestral accompaniment, performed *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and parsons, including Elgar's *The Dance*. Mr. A. L. Parker conducted.

YORK.—*The Beggar's Opera* (new version) was staged at the Theatre Royal for the week beginning April 16, Miss Doris Tomkins taking the part of Polly. Mr. Barry Fenton made a convincing study of Captain Macheath.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

The Press Fund concert at Dublin, on April 21, was a huge success, though the programme was unduly long. Miss Jean Nolan and Mr. J. H. Horne gave two successful song recitals at Cork (Clarence Hall), on April 18 and 19. Miss Nolan, with Miss Rhoda Coghill (pianoforte), delighted a large Belfast audience on April 27.

Belfast and Dublin audiences agreed in appreciating the new version of Gay's *Polly*, which was given a week's performance at each city from April 23 to May 5, by Robert Courtneidge's Company. The *Irish Times* critic printed the hero's name as 'McHeath,' presumably to give it an Irish flavour!

DUBLIN FEIS CEOIL

Record entries—about eight hundred—signalled the 1923 Feis Ceoil. The adjudicators were Sir Richard Terry, Dr. Percy Hull, Mr. W. H. Reed, Mr. Lloyd Powell, Mr. Arthur Darley, and Prof. Robert O'Dwyer. Strange to relate, there were only thirty-six entrants for Irish solo singing, as compared with fifty-seven last year, while there were no entries for Irish quartets nor for mixed-voice choirs, and but two entries for female choirs and one for male choirs. Strange, too, that there was but one entry each for senior and junior harp, and none at all for the Irish harp.

In the coveted Plunket Greene Cup (Song Interpretation), Sir Richard Terry awarded first place, out of seventy-three competitors, to Miss Rosalind Cohen.

The Irish fiddle competitions were not of special interest, while the unpublished Irish airs attracted but one competitor, Mrs. Williams. The junior Irish bagpipes were awarded to Master Johnnie Doran (New Ross), and the senior was won by Mr. Lian Walsh (Waterford). It is regrettable that the old Irish Uilleann (Shakespeare's 'Woollen') pipes, like the Irish harp, will soon be a memory of things that are past.

Choir entries were not numerous, some of the competitions being attended by only one choir or by none.

OTHER COMPETITIONS

On April 16 the fifteenth-yearly Festival at Belfast opened under auspicious circumstances, and continued the whole week. There were six hundred and sixteen entries, including sixty-two choirs. The adjudicators were Sir Ivor Atkins, Mr. Gordon Cleather, Mr. Harold Samuel, Miss Editha Knockner, and Mrs. Acton Bond (elocution).

The second annual Dungannon Musical Festival, May 3 to 5, was successful, and the adjudicator, Sir Richard Terry, congratulated the committee on the record number of entries.

Ballymena Musical Festival, started some eight years ago as a two days' affair, has now developed into a week's feast of music with three daily sessions. This year's competitions opened on May 7, and the adjudicators were Mr. Hugh S. Robertson, Mr. E. Stanley Roper, and Mr. F. Bonavia.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

At the time of writing a series of Beethoven concerts is in full swing at the Concertgebouw. The programme includes all the Symphonies, with a fair sprinkling of Concertos and other orchestral works. Two of the more rarely-heard works of Beethoven were played on May 11, viz., the Overture and the Ballet music from *Prometheus* and the Triple Concerto, in which Messrs. Andriessen, Heman, and Loevensohn were heard to great advantage.

On April 15 the Royal Oratorio Society could look back on an existence of twenty-five years. Having risen from almost insignificant beginnings, this body now ranks among the best choral societies of Holland. The day was celebrated with a performance of Vincent d'Indy's *Chant de la Cloche*, in which the chief solo parts were entrusted to such exquisite singers as M. Paulet, the famous Parisian tenor, and Miss Joy MacArden, an American, it is presumed. For the concert of the Toonkunst Choir, on April 21, Handel's *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day* and Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* were selected.

At its concert on April 26, the choir of the R. C. Oratorio Society introduced a new work by its conductor, M. Theod. d. Byl, who, with more zeal than discrimination, had ventured on the subject of the *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, choosing, however, the Latin version of the original text. Apart from the ill-advised choice of subject-matter, the composer's skill proved insufficient for the demands of his theme. The R. C. Oratorio Society (not identical with the above-mentioned body) gave a concert on May 1, when the scheme consisted almost exclusively of works of Dr. Johan Wagenaar, the main interest being centred in a humorous choral work, *The Shipwreck*, written for soli and chorus, with pianoforte accompaniment. Seeing that real, undiluted humour in music is blossoming so scantily, it is to be regretted that this clever creation is not so widely known as it certainly deserves to be.

To what heights of proficiency and refinement the singing of children can be raised by judicious training was evidenced in the concert given by the Society for Improvement of Folk-Song, on May 12.

Since the foundation of the big Liedertafel Amstel's Werkman, thirty-five years have elapsed. In celebration of the event the above-named corporation issued invitations to all kinds of choral societies, foreign and local, to partake in a big singing contest to be held between April 28 and May 21. Twelve concerts were announced, along with valuable money and other prizes to be distributed according to merit, and assessed by a jury of prominent musicians.

The Band of the Garde Républicaine, which in the first week of May paid a visit to our chief cities, has had no reason to complain of the way in which it was received. Everywhere the players met with crowded audiences, which did not hesitate to pay ample tribute to the refined treat afforded.

By dint of clever management M. Koopman has brought the season of the National Opera to a prosperous close. The last work he produced was *Parisfal*, which was heard for the first time in Dutch.

Of the many solo-recitals special mention has to be made of that by the Finnish bass-singer Helge Lindberg, who must indeed be styled a phenomenon from every point of view. One of the most interesting concerts was that given by the Hungarian composer, Béla Bartók, on April 27. Besides works by Scarlatti and Debussy, he played a series of his own pianoforte pieces, which, despite their decided modernism, contained much that proved extremely gratifying. At present he seems to have entered a stage of profound pessimism, which renders it almost hopeless to attempt to enter into the spirit of such works as his second Violin Sonata (for the performance of which the composer had secured the able assistance of his youthful compatriot, Zoltan Szekely). A few days later Prof. Bartók was invited by the Amsterdam Music Lyceum to give another selection of his works to a circle of professionals. A rare treat was presented by the American violinist, Albert

Spalding, who, at his two recitals on May 8 and 12, vindicated his claim to be bracketed with the finest performers of the present time. W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

CONCERTS OF THE GERMAN SECTION OF THE I.S.C.M.

The activity displayed during the past season by the German section of the International Society for Contemporary Music culminated impressively with a series of concerts of both chamber and orchestral music. First of all, the Danish section sent a select ensemble of wind instrument virtuosi—members of the Royal Copenhagen Orchestra—who gave the first performance of a Quintet by Carl Nielsen, and the *Kleine Kammermusik* by Paul Hindemith. The contrast between these two composers, each belonging to a different musical generation, was striking. Neither of them is problematic, but Hindemith's gaiety is that of a young man who does not seem to court glory, and who never fears to compromise himself by publishing mere trifles. It is not always his own self, however, which prompts him to compose so prolifically, but rather the publisher who wishes him to make the most of the reputation he now enjoys.

In spite of a voluminous output, he never loses his freshness and never fails to startle his hearers with some new feature they would hear nowhere else. Take, for example, the slow movement of this *Kleine Kammermusik*—in places a carelessly written work—a melancholy passage above an ostinato which unveils the very soul of the composer. It was played by the Danish guests, whose guiding spirit is Sven Christian Felumb, an oboist of extraordinary skill and artistic feeling. As an intermezzo between Nielsen and Hindemith, the Havemann Quartet, an ensemble endowed with real instinct for modern music, presented Anton von Webern's five pieces for string quartet. This was the first Berlin performance of a work which at the Chamber Music Festival at Salzburg last summer, aroused a great deal of comment. Berlin, however, enjoying a larger cosmopolitan atmosphere, received it in a more moderate temper.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

The public should not always be served with the bitter pills of modern music; there should be something sweet between them. Following this principle, the programmes of the last two orchestral concerts, while having a physiognomy of their own, nevertheless contained several numbers of moderate music intended to soothe the normal man and put him in a better mood to enjoy that which he really could not be expected to understand at a first hearing. The first of these concerts, with Werner Wolff conducting, comprised an inoffensive Overture by Mueller-Hartmann; two short but very original fragments from Busoni's new opera, *Faust*, and a quite grateful Violin Concerto composed and performed by Adolf Busch. The second part of the programme contained *Pellás* and *Melísande*, by Arnold Schönberg, a 'pre Schönbergian' symphonic poem swimming in the strong current of *Tristan*—so much so, in fact, that Busoni's orchestral ballads remained the *clou* of the evening.

DRESDEN STAATSKAPPELLE VISITS BERLIN

The paramount feature of the second concert was the zeal of the Dresden Staatskapelle, under Fritz Busch, for the cause of internationalism in music as expressed by the I.S.C.M. The entire organization journeyed to the Berlin Philharmonic and gave the 'first performance anywhere' of Edward Bohnke's *Symphonic Overture* and Philipp Jarnach's *Sinfonia Brevis*, together with regular repertory works of Reger and Strauss. Besides magnificent sonority, their playing is characterized by an exactitude attained only through strict though elastic discipline. Both the distinguished leader and the unparalleled orchestra were the recipients of long and hearty applause. It was a genuine ovation.

The list of new works performed during the last weeks may be completed by mentioning a String Quartet which attracted favourable attention to the young composer, Ludwig Weber, of Nürnberg. It combines the modern spirit with an old

Dutch polyphonic technique, and its strong feeling for style compensates for a certain monotony of colour. To the Melos Society belongs the distinction of having drawn attention to a composer who fully merits it.

Other concerts which also deserve mention are those of Bruno Walter, who won a popular success in his fourth and final orchestral concert of the season; John McCormack, Louis Graveure (baritone), Elena Gerhardt, Jenny Skolnik (violin), and the guest appearances at the Staatsoper of Richard Tauber (tenor), who has just closed a contract with that institution which calls for his appearance three months each year for the next three years.

ADOLF WEISSMANN.

NEW YORK

Last year, at the close of the season, Mengelberg gave two performances of Beethoven's ninth Symphony to commemorate the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Philharmonic Society, and this year he chose the same work for his last concert. Last year the Oratorio Society sang in the *Finale*. This year the singers were Kurt Schindler's Schola Cantorum, a vastly superior choral organization, of better material and better training. It was an exceptional performance, a *Hymn to Joy* sung in an exalted mood. Little praise, however, can be given to the soloists. Why are opera singers chosen for such works? The Symphony was preceded by Bach's second Orchestral Suite, in B minor, for strings and flute. The seven movements were superbly played by the strings, and fairly well by the choir of eight flutes.

Mr. Stokowski did not end his season with such classics as Bach and Beethoven, but announced for his last concert but one Schönberg's *Kammersinfonie*. Does Mr. Stokowski think Carnegie Hall too crowded for the performances of his Philadelphia men, or does he want to decrease the number of subscribers? Perhaps the Chamber Symphony is not the worst of Schönberg's compositions, but it is so bad that there is not a good word to be said for it. New York audiences are not prone to hiss, but while there was some applause for this freak composition, there was distinct hissing also. Perhaps it is cruel to suggest that maybe the applause came from a clique, and that the hissing better expressed the real feelings of the audience. At Mr. Stokowski's last concert he partly redeemed himself by giving a fine performance of Liszt's *Faust* Symphony, a work admittedly having vilifiers as well as admirers, but which shone like a gem in comparison with Schönberg's inanities.

The Beethoven Association has just closed its fourth season with the appearance of the most remarkable group of professionals ever heard on our concert platforms. Beethoven's Quartet in E minor was played by Jascha Heifetz, Hugo Kortschek, Albert Stoessel, and Felix Salmond. Brahms's A major Violin Sonata was played by Heifetz and Dohnányi, the pianist making his part of equal value to that of the violinist. In Brahms's Concerto for three pianofortes with string accompaniment, the soloists were Myra Hess, Harold Bauer, and Dohnányi, while Walter Damrosch directed the small orchestra with Heifetz as leader.

The Beethoven Association, formed by Harold Bauer, attracts the best artists in the world, who appear there for the love of their art. The selections offered are from the best compositions in the realm of music. Every seat in the house is sold at a high figure, and all the money taken is devoted to some worthy purpose. It may be remembered that it was funds from this Society that made possible the publication of Krehbiel's translation of Thayer's *Life of Beethoven*.

The Friends of Music announce ten concerts for next season, instead of only six—this year's figure. They are prone to expound the classics, and also to explore them for comparatively unknown works. Of course this Society gives some modern things, most of them quite worth while, but unfortunately Bodanzky, like Mengelberg, persists in thinking that Mahler was a great composer, and that the public, however unwilling it may be, must listen to him. The subscribers to the Friends of Music have heard

Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* three times in the last two seasons. Few cared to hear it a second time, and there were few indeed who wanted it a third time. Mengelberg has the same infatuation for Mahler's seventh Symphony that Bodanzky has for the other work, but he has no better success in making his audiences like it.

The London String Quartet is finishing its American season on the Pacific coast. The players are soon to return East, and sail for a summer season in South America. It is welcome news that Mr. Levey has recovered from his illness, and will probably play in South America this summer, and without doubt at New York next winter.

The Cincinnati Music Festival Society, founded by Theodore Thomas in 1873, has just celebrated its golden jubilee. Its Festivals are biennial. The organization in its fifty years of life has had only four conductors. Kunwald and Ysaye each conducted two Festivals; M. Vanderstucken conducted four after the death of Theodore Thomas, and came back from Belgium to conduct the jubilee event. Theodore Thomas conducted sixteen Festivals, covering a period of thirty-two years. There are some belonging to the fraternity of musical scribes who still regard Thomas as the best all-round conductor they ever heard.

M. H. FLINT.

ROME

An exceptionally busy month opened with a concert given at the Augusteum by the two Swiss choral societies Caecilienverein and Liedertafel, which, under the direction of Fritz Brun, recently performed Bach's *Messe solennelle*. The concert was enriched by the performance of clavicembalo music by Wanda Landowska, and the programme included Mozart's *Litanias de Venerabili Altaris Sacramenta*, for choir, solo, orchestra, and organ; an *Old English Dana* by Purcell; Beethoven's *Elegiac Song*; and Bach's *Magnificat*.

The Swiss visitors were succeeded by Mr. Albert Coates, who is now beginning to be looked upon as necessary to an Augusteum season, and who is ever received with remarkable enthusiasm. Not that this prevents the Roman public from passing severe judgment on some of the works presented, for at his first concert a divided reception was given to the *Ballata* for two pianofortes and orchestra by the young American composer, Leo Sowerby, who lives in the American Academy, and whose new work Coates 'baptised.' Nor indeed was the public much more tender with Coates's own symphonic poem, *The Eagle*. At his second and last concert Coates presented two novelties for Rome, viz., Vaughan Williams's *London* Symphony and a Suite, *Acquarelli*, of Santoliquido.

Arthur Bonucci, who is amongst the first violoncellists of Italy, gave two concerts the following week, and then came the eagerly awaited visit of Richard Strauss, whose presence at Rome signified something more than merely the visit of a celebrity. Rome, in fact, has been the battle-ground—or one of the battle-grounds—of the music of Richard Strauss, and a battle-ground where, after much failure and defeat, that music has gradually come to be understood, accepted, and appreciated. Thus it was less the music than the personality of the composer which drew enormous crowds to the Augusteum for the three last concerts of the season. The five tone-poems that he conducted had all of them received enthusiastic approval under other batons before they were acclaimed under the composer himself.

At Santa Cecilia a visit from Maurice Ravel also raised great interest among the Roman public, who gave him a hearty reception, which, however, was aptly described as 'a duty,' more perhaps than as an expression of sincere conviction. As a fact the music of Ravel, and particularly his later work, has not yet succeeded in convincing Rome—we doubt whether it ever will.

Amongst other concerts at Rome this month particular mention is due to a 'Beethoven Day,' organized by the Giornale della Donna for the working-class public, and given in the Roman College on May 6. Alfredo Tazzoli, a noted Piedmontese pianist who was in London three years ago, collaborated with the violinist Corrado Archibugi in a programme including three Sonatas.

Lionel Tertis has also been at Rome this month, a guest of the American Academy, where he played in two semi-private concerts.

The operatic *premieres* which have taken place in Italy this month include *I Compagnacci* (at Rome, on April 11), a one-Act piece by Primo Riccitelli, which was the winning opera in a 'concours' offered by the Ministry of Public Instruction in 1922; and *Belphegor*, of Ottorino Respighi (at Milan, on April 26). The libretto of the last named is by Claudio Guastalla, and relates the vicissitudes of Belphegor, a cynical demon who takes human form and marries a woman to find out whether men have reason on their side when they complain of their wives. The music has been judged as particularly effective, and well representative of the wide gifts of its well-known composer.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

The Russian Grand Opera Company returned to us with two additional operas—Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, which was very successfully presented, and Valentinov's *A Night of Love*. The latter is a cheap burlesque based upon themes from most of the popular music-dramas, Gounod's *Faust* figuring rather prominently, and was a pitiful lapse from the usual standard of this Company's selections. *Carmen*, *Boris Godunov*, *La Juive*, *The Snow Maiden*, and *Eugene Onegin* were also given.

The Toronto Chamber Music Society ended its second season with a combination programme consisting of Bach's C minor Sonata for violin, flute, and clavier (Messrs. Luigi von Kunitz, Alfred Fenhock, and Frank Welsman), the Mozart *Divertimento* for violin, viola, and violoncello (Messrs. Harry Adaskin, Robert Manson, and Boris Hambourg), the *Scherzo* and *Largo* from the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 65, and the *Polonaise Brillante*, both by Chopin (Messrs. Eustache Horodyski and Boris Hambourg).

Jascha Heifetz was welcomed in Massey Hall by a capacity audience, and gave distinct evidence of a broader conception and warmer interpretation than have previously been his. He played the Grieg C minor Sonata and the Mozart A major Concerto.

The third sonata recital at the Toronto Conservatory (Messrs. Ferdinand Fillion and Ernest Seitz) included the Saint-Saëns D minor and the Guillaume Lekeu G major Sonatas. Other recitals and concerts have been given by Madame Ferne Goltre Fillion, Ethel Newcomb (an American pianist), the Academy String Quartet, Carlos Buhler, and Alberto Guerrero (two pianofortes).

H. C. F.

VIENNA

ANCIENT NOVELTIES

We have been enjoying some belated 'first performances.' The first was *Das Liebesverbot*, the third of Wagner's early operas (only *Die Hochzeit* and *Die Feen* preceded it), and the Vienna production was the first save for a most unfortunate performance which Wagner conducted at the Magdeburg Municipal Opera, while musical director there in 1836. The original manuscript of the opera, formerly owned by the Bavarian Royal Family, was published for the first time, at Munich, last year. The Overture represents a peculiar conglomeration of German romantic influence and elements from the spectacular operas of Meyerbeer which Wagner came to renounce so strongly in later years, and it may justly be counted among the composer's weakest conceptions. The Philharmonic Orchestra played, and Wiengartner conducted.

The second rarity (heard at a concert of the 'Schubertbund') was Beethoven's incidental music to a tragedy entitled *Leonore Prochaska*, written in 1814 by a high Prussian government official named Leopold Drucker. The play deals, in strongly patriotic vein, with a historical incident from the Napoleonic war. Beethoven's music consists of a chorus, a romance, melodrama and a closing

funeral march, the latter being identical with the Funeral March from his Sonata, Op. 26, and representing the only genuinely inspired passage of the entire work. For the rest, the music maintains the level characterised by the German term 'Gelegenheitsmusik.'

Another pseudo-novelty of the month was a hitherto unperformed Concerto for violin and orchestra by Haydn. It is an unpublished work, the manuscript of which has recently been discovered in the archives of the Austrian National Library at Vienna. Rudolf Kolisch gave the first production of the Concerto under the baton of Anton von Webern.

A hitherto unknown Symphony in F minor by Anton Bruckner has been performed at the beautiful old monastery of Klosterneuburg on the Danube, near Vienna. It was composed in 1863, before Bruckner fell under the spell of Wagner, and is strongly influenced by Beethoven and Schumann.

NEW WORKS

Max Reger, who is perhaps too essentially Teutonic to appeal to the mentality of any other than the German nation, has a firm hold on the affections of his fellow-countrymen. There was proof of his popularity in the success of the recent Reger Festival sponsored by the Max Reger Society, of Liepsic, and held at Vienna last month. The Festival—comprising orchestral, choral, and chamber music, and organ works—gave a well-selected survey of Reger's enormously productive genius. Leopold Reichwein, one of Reger's most ardent protagonists, was the principal conductor of the Festival, which derived particular importance from the presence of the master's widow.

As the last novelty of the season the Philharmonic Orchestra presented the *Sinfonia drammatica* by Ottorino Respighi, an effective piece of programme music. The closing concert of Bernhard Tittel's symphonic series also featured a novelty in the conductor's own composition for female choir and orchestra entitled *Agnes Totenfeier*.

A concert directed by Chester MacKee, a young American conductor, introduced a well-written, if strongly Wagnerian, *Prelude to the third Act of a Tragedy*, by a young American composer resident at Paris, Edmond Pendleton. The soloist of the concert, an American pianist named Jacques Jolas, also showed remarkable poetic gifts at his own recital, when a *Fantasy* by Dwight Fiske, conceived in the Lisztian manner, and Edward MacDowell's *Celtic Sonata*, received their first performance at Vienna.

On the same day a *matinée* of 'dance drama' offered a ballet called *Danae* by Hans Gärtner, which gave promise of future good work from this composer, and a musically-clever pantomime, *Adam and Eve*, by Hans Ewald Heller. Though artistically commendable, these two works suffered from the hopelessly old-fashioned manner of their choreographic presentation.

It was an interesting experience to hear new Czech songs at a recital given by Andula Pecirkova, of Prague. The astonishing feature common to practically all the examples heard (including songs by Vitezslav Novák, Josef B. Förster, Kricka, Vomacka, Vycpalek, and Jaroslav Novotny) is their uniformly melancholy and pessimistic mood. This pale lyric art, which is far more akin—though far inferior—to Hugo Wolf or Brahms than to Czech national elements, is worlds removed from the vigour and rhythmic energy of a Dvorák or Smetana.

A number of novelties by Viennese composers, of varying worth and success, have been heard here, among them a witty *Grotesque Serenade*, for full orchestra, by Rudolf Kattnigg; a Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte, Op. 20, by Fritz Schreiber—sincere music but entirely Mahlerian in its essentials; a Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte, Op. 17, by Johanna Müller-Hermann, which showed all the virtues and shortcomings of the musically-aspiring female sex; and an evening of songs by Othmar Wetchy, who successfully endeavours to assimilate French impressionist methods with the German lyrical idiom.

CONDUCTORS AND SOLOISTS

There can be little doubt that next season Furtwängler will completely sever his already loose connection with the Vienna Tonkünstler subscription series, and the recent début

concerts, as it were, of three different conductors seemed to corroborate this opinion. Of the three conductors, only Hans Knappertsbusch, at present general musical director of the Munich Opera, was a newcomer to Vienna. His success with Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony was vociferous, owing, it appears, chiefly to his original method of conducting without seeming so much as to move his arms. Such restraint, ostensibly calculated to centre the attention of the audience on the music, instead of on the leader, indeed tends to achieve the opposite effect, and, while it impresses the layman, it makes the judicious grieve. Withal, Knappertsbusch, who is quite a young man, seems to be a conductor of more than ordinary energy and vitality. His competitors are Clemens Krauss, for two years a favourite leader at the Staatsoper, and Ernst Kunwald, who, after many years spent in America and Germany, returned to his native city to conduct a Beethoven programme and, as a novelty, the thirty years' old Symphony No. 1, by Sibelius. This is decidedly an aftermath of Tchaikovsky, as is also the E minor Symphony by Rachmaninov, which Niels Grevillius, the Swedish conductor, performed with the Tonkünstler Orchestra, in addition to an early and astonishingly conventional *Réverie* by Scriabin.

The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Akademischer Wagnerverein, was commemorated by a special concert led by Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe, both for decades revered members of that Society. The Wagnerverein is the organization which has done great service not only for the cause of Richard Wagner, but, in later years, for Hugo Wolf and Anton Bruckner as well. And even now, on the eve of his sixtieth birthday, Franz Schalk is the only one among Vienna's conductors who can muster courage to produce so problematic a work as Anton von Webern's *Passacaglia* for orchestra.

Violet Clarence, the English pianist, gave us a recital of rarely-heard Old English music, besides introducing for the first time the charming *Dance* for harpsichord by Frederick Delius.

The Société Motet et Madrigale, an organization of Polish refugees from Switzerland, directed by Dr. Henryk Opieski, gave pleasure to the hearts of all lovers of old à cappella music.

PAUL BECHFERT.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

ADOLPH BORSODORF, on April 15, after a short illness. He was the survivor of the two young horn-players who arrived in England in April, 1879, to become shortly and remain for a generation the leaders of their branch of the profession. These men, Borsdorf and Paersch, removed a blot on our instrumental music that was gravely retarding its development, and, by example and precept, raised the standard of English horn-playing to a level it had never before attained. Friedrich Adolph Borsdorf, the son of a farmer, was born December 23, 1854, at Dittmendorf, Saxony, where in 1866 he saw the Prussian troops enter as enemies and confiscate his father's live stock, a deed that gave to Borsdorf an anti-Prussian bias that rendered his inevitable trials during the Great War doubly painful. Having begun the horn and violin locally, he passed to the Dresden Conservatoire (1869-74), where he studied the horn under Lorenz, in his opinion the greatest player he had ever heard. He then joined a regimental band and, while serving, obtained the contract to play in the stage band at Covent Garden that brought him to England. Provincial engagements followed, including an annual visit to Glasgow with the Scottish Orchestra under Manns, and for a time he played the viola at the Gaiety Theatre. His position was assured by his playing for Richter, with whom he became a favourite, originally as third horn and then as first alternately with Paersch, whose place he took altogether in 1887, when Paersch was appointed principal at the Opera. For years he had practically a monopoly as principal in the concert

room—with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, the King's Private Band, &c. He played also with the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society, where some of his best work was done. As a player his tone was good, but not altogether classical, nor equal to that of Paersch, whose effortless production was foreign to Borsdorf. But he excelled in breath-control, command of dynamic effect, phrasing, and breadth of interpretation. It is on his teaching that his claim to remembrance will chiefly rest. As professor at the Royal College of Music from its opening, and at the Royal Academy from 1897, he trained some sixty to seventy pupils. Among those who attained distinction mention of his son Oscar and the brothers Alfred and Aubrey Brain will sufficiently attest the success that attended his teaching. With all his pupils he was thorough and conscientious. Years ago a fellow-professor warned him not to teach them too much, lest the time should come when, his powers failing, they should supplant him. This piece of worldly wisdom was shocking to him, and he never forgave the affront to his integrity. A man of the kindest disposition, he lived for, as well as by, his art, and his great knowledge of the old, as well as the modern, technique of his instrument, and of music and musicians, was freely placed at the disposal of all who sought it.

W. F. H. B.

JOSEPH KENNINGHAM, in his ninety-second year. He had been a church chorister for more than eighty years, was for many years solo bass at Salisbury Cathedral, and had sung at Westminster Abbey, at Chichester, Wells, and Gloucester Cathedrals, and at every Handel Festival since 1862. Latterly he had been a member of the choir at St. Mark's, Battersea, where he was to be seen regularly in his place until a few months ago.

Miscellaneous

The South London Philharmonic Society, which has lately acquired a reputation for enterprise, sustained this on May 12 by performing, with admirable effect, a choral selection from *Parisfal*, and accompanying Mr. Walter Rummel in the *Emperor* Concerto. Together with these in a remarkable programme were Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony, the *Régiment* Overture, and *Blest Pair of Sirs*. Mr. W. H. Kerridge conducted.

The second annual report of the Guild of Singers and Players records a year of successful activity. Apart from its ordinary series of concerts the Guild has given several 'popular' concerts on Saturday evenings at Wigmore Hall, and a series of monthly informal evenings at 74, Grosvenor Street. There are now a hundred and ninety-seven members and ninety-five associates, and the hon. treasurer reports a credit balance.

Elizabethan and contemporary music was sung by the Rondel singers at Blackheath Press Hall on April 14. The modern works included Vaughan Williams's *Fain would I change that note*, Balfour Gardiner's *How should I your true love know*, and Gerrard Williams's *Sweet Kate*. Miss Ethel Waddington sang a group of songs, to words of W. H. Davies, set by M. A. Lucas for soprano, viola, and 'cello.

The Mayfair Operatic Society did good service on May 10 and 11 by reviving *Love in a Village*, an opera of 1762, with music written and selected by Dr. Arne. For this revival the music had been arranged for accompaniment of string quintet and flute by Mr. Alfred Reynolds. The performances took place at the Guildhall School of Music, under the direction of Mr. Albert Thompson.

Winnipeg Choral and Orchestral Society's programme on April 19 included the *Hymn of Praise*, a scene from Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snowflake*, and the Prologue from Boito's *Mefistofele*. The orchestra gave Sullivan's *In Memoriam* Overture, Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*, and Elgar's 'Slumber Scene' (from the *Wand of Youth*). Mr. Arnold Dann conducted.

The London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics will hold a summer vacation course at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, from August 8 to 23.

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35	Haymakers' Song	Stewart	3d.
36	Come away, Death	Macfarren	3d.
37	Old May-day, in A	Benedict	3d.
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39	A Night Song	3d.	
40	Dirge for the faithful lover	3d.	
41	A Drinking Song (r.t.b.)	3d.	
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45	Hunting Song	3d.	
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83	All ye woods (s.a.t.b.)	3d.	
84	My love is fair (s.a.t.b.)	H. Leslie	3d.
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93	Essay, my Heart	3d.	
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95	Now	3d.	
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183	The red, red rose	18d.	
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187	Blaze is the bird	2d.	
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254	Wind thy horn	3d.	
255	The land of wonders	3d.	
256	Ye little birds that sit and sing	3d.	
257	How soft the shades of	18d.	
258	How sweet is summer	2d.	

MADE IN ENGLAND.

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

PART-SONG

WORDS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (ANONYMOUS) TRANSLATED BY EDMUND GOSSE*

MUSIC BY

EDWARD ELGAR

(OP. 45, No. 3)

ARRANGED FOR S.A.T.B. BY THE COMPOSER

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegretto
p non legato *pp dolce*

SOPRANO
Af - ter ma - ny a dust - y mile,

ALTO
p non legato *pp dolce*
Af - ter ma - ny a dust - y mile,

TENOR
p non legato. *pp dolce*
Af - ter ma - ny a dust - y mile,

BASS
sonoramente
Af - ter ma - ny a dust - y

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 84$
p non legato *pp*
(For practice only) *sonoramente*

Wan-d'r'er, lin - ger here a - while; . . . Stretch your limbs in this long

Wan-d'r'er, lin - ger here a - while; . . . Stretch your limbs in this long

Wan-d'r'er, lin - ger here a - while; . . . Stretch your limbs in this long

mile, . . . Wan-d'r'er, lin - ger here a - while, . . .

* With the kind permission of the Translator

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EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

June 1, 1928

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

grass; Through these pines a wind shall pass

grass; Through these pines a wind shall pass

grass; a wind shall pass

Stretch your limbs in this long grass; Through these pines a wind shall



poco rit. That shall cool you with its wing. *dim.*

poco rit. That shall cool you with its wing. *dim.*

poco rit. That shall cool you with its wing. *dim.*

poco rit. pass That shall cool you with its



AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

Comodo

pp Grasshop-pers shall shout and sing, Grasshop-pers shall shout and sing,
pp Grasshop-pers shall shout and sing, Grasshop-pers shall shout and sing,
cantabile *p* Through these pines a wind . . shall pass,
pp wing. Through these pines a wind shall cool you with its

Comodo $\text{♩} = 76$

ten. While the shep-herd on the hill, . . Near a foun-tain war-bling still,
ten. While the shep-herd on the hill, . . Near a foun-tain war-bling still,
cres. *dim.* through . . these pines a wind . . shall pass, . .
ten. wing, through these pines a wind shall pass, . .

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

cres.
Mo - du - lates, when noon is mute, . . .

cres.
Mo - du - lates, when noon is mute, . . .

Lin - ger here a - while; . .

cres.
Grass-hop-pers shall shout and sing, . . Lin - ger here a - while;

cres.

pp
Sum - mer songs a - long his flute, . . .

pp
Sum - mer songs a - long his flute, . . .

p
Grass-hop-pers shall shout and sing, . . .

p
Wan - d'rer, lin - ger here a -

pp

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

molto cantabile
mf dolce

Sum - mer songs a - long his flute; . . . Un - der - neath, un - der -

molto cantabile *dolce*

Sum - mer songs, songs a - long his flute; Un - der - neath a

molto cantabile *mf*

Wan - d'r'er, lin - ger here, lin - ger here . . . a - while, . . . a -

mf *cantabile*

- while; Un - der - neath, un - der -

mf

- neath a spread - ing tree, . . None so ea - - sy - limb'd as he, Shel - tered,

spread - ing tree, un - der - neath a . . spread - ing tree, a . . spreading tree,

- while, Un - der - neath a spread - ing tree, . . shel - tered

- neath a spread - ing, spread - ing tree,

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

rit. **Come prima**
pp non legato

shel - tered from the dog - star's heat. . . Rest; and then, on freshened

rit. *pp non legato*

Shel-tered from the dog-star's heat. . . Rest; and then, on freshened

rit. *pp non legato*

from the dog-star's heat. . . Rest; and then, on freshened

rit. *pp*

Shel-tered, shel-tered from the dog-star's heat. . .

Come prima

rit. *pp*

feet, . . . You shall pass the for - est through. . .

feet, . . . You shall pass the for - est through. . .

feet, . . . You shall pass the for - est through. . .

cantando *p*

Rest; and then, on freshened feet, . . . Pass the for - est through.

AFTER MANY A DUSTY MILE

It is Pan that coun - sels you, it is

It is Pan that coun - sels, it is Pan that coun-sels you, it is

It is Pan that coun-sels you, . it is Pan that coun - sels

It is Pan that coun-sels you, . . that coun-sels you,

Pan, . . . Pan, it is Pan that coun-sels you. . .

Pan, . . . Pan, it is Pan that coun-sels you. . .

you, it is Pan that coun-sels you, that coun-sels you. . .

it is Pan that coun-sels you, it is Pan that coun-sels you. . .

dim. molto *ppp rit.*

dim. molto *ppp rit.*

ppp rit.

ppp rit.

ppp rit.

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EXTR

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By H